

JULY 2019 Volume 46 Number 2 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



CONTENTS







- **NATASHA MALKOVA & CASSIE LAINE** Sleepover Photography by Tammy Sands
- 36 **ADRIANNA LUNA** Magnificent Photography by Larry Flynt Productions
- 48 **LUNA LAIN** Irish Cream Photography by BeBeGrant.com
- 60 **LENA NICOLE** Magical Photography by Tammy Sands
- 88 **MISTY STONE** Play Misty for Me Photography by Larry Flynt Productions
- **128 ORCHIDEA & FELONY** Match Made in Heaven Classic Photography by Matti Klatt

28 FUCKING FUN @ THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT EXPO

> It's the industry highlight of the year, a week of nonstop parties and debauchery. Welcome to AVN's Adult Entertainment Expo, where the porn stars come out to play. Grab a seat ringside for an intimate BTS look at your favorites. Talk about wild, crazy-ass Vegas sex! Photography by Steve Prue.

42 DEEP INTO KINK: LIVING THE FETISH LIFESTYLE

> From feeders to puppy play to live-in slaves, HUSTLER explores the world of intense kink and what it really means to live the fetish lifestyle. Article by Ian Fortey.

74 **RON WHITE: A LIFE LIVED LARGE**

> For 32 years "Tater" has killed on the road, culminating in the Blue Collar Comedy Tour. The hilarious Mr. White took a break from headlining in Vegas recently to chill with HUSTLER, plying us with his extraordinary anejo and regaling us with tales of a life lived large. Interview by T.S. Farley. Photography by Curtis Joe Walker.

104 PETITE MASSAGE

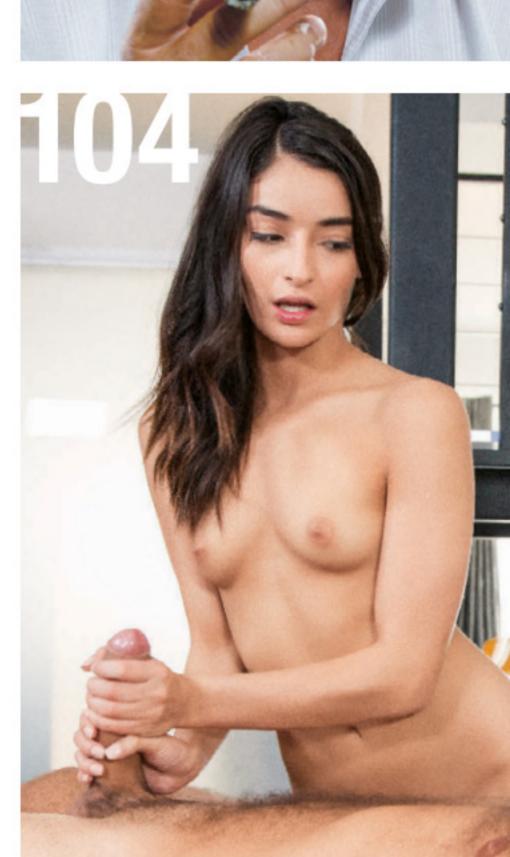
> Emma Hix, Norah Nova, Riley Star and Emily Willis give you an ecstatically happy ending. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

- **PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
- ROBERT SCHEER
- **BRAD FRIEDMAN**
- 13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
- **BITS & PIECES**
- **HUSTLER HUMOR**



- HARDCORE SHOWCASE
- **BEAVER HUNT**
- COMING SOON







HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt Editor and Publisher
Liz Flynt Vice-President, Administration/Associate Publisher

Anne Denbok Editorial Director
Andy Parker Research Editor
Philip Sanguinet Copy Chief

ART & DESIGN

Kelly Webb Art Director

Morgen "Tex" Hagen Freelance Editorial

RECORDS & ARCHIVES

Writer & Designer

Sean Berrios Supervisor of Records and Documents
David Carrillo Recordkeeper/Archivist

NETWORK SYSTEMS

Andrea Landrum Network Systems Director

PRODUCTION

Gina J. Lee Production Director

Shannon Poe Production Coordinator

ADVERTISING

Mickey Puyda National Sales Consultant 323-951-7907, HustlerAdSales@LFP.com Wendy Camacho Advertising Production Coordinator

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or email Talent@LFP.com.

SUBSCRIPTIONS CUSTOMER SERVICE: 800-566-5760

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang Consultant, Circulation & Distribution

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 46, No. 2, July 2019. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in July by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2019 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUS-TLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 800-566-5760. A one-year subscription is \$44.95 (13 issues). This price represents HUSTLER's standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted. Back issues (available for USA orders only) are \$15 to \$25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POST-MASTER: Send change of address to: HUSTLER, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. HUSTLER is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. PRINTED IN CANADA.

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is April 16, 2019.

Cover photo by Tammy Sands
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE

ow that Democrats control the House and members of the Democratic Socialist camp have gained a prominent voice in Congress, the conservative oligarchs who control America are terrified, launching an all-out preemptive assault on initiatives like the Green New Deal. If you watch Fox News, it's almost impossible to get through a show without one of their right-wing talking heads fearmongering that any attempt to rectify the gross economic inequality in America (the worst since the Great Depression) will result in Venezuela-like chaos and misery. They insist that any attempt to wean ourselves from fossil fuels and develop renewable energy sources will ruin the country.

Mention Medicare for All, and the wing nut propagandists studiously avoid mentioning nations like France, Sweden and Canada, with healthcare systems far more efficient, less costly and more equitable than our own. In fact, almost every advanced industrial nation has either a single-payer system or a mix of private plans with a public option. But we're told that those systems "won't work." Medicare for All would eliminate parasitic health insurance companies, which suck enormous profits from our system. So those health insurance companies are mobilizing to fight tooth and nail against all reform with a blitz of ads and op-eds.

But they are not to be outdone by the oil barons, who are horrified a Green New Deal could catalyze the use of renewable energy sources and deplete their profit margins. The Consumer Energy Alliance and Clear Energy Alliance are two fronts for the fossil fuel dinosaurs, the latter broadcasting ridiculous, cartoonish scare ads against the Green New Deal on YouTube.

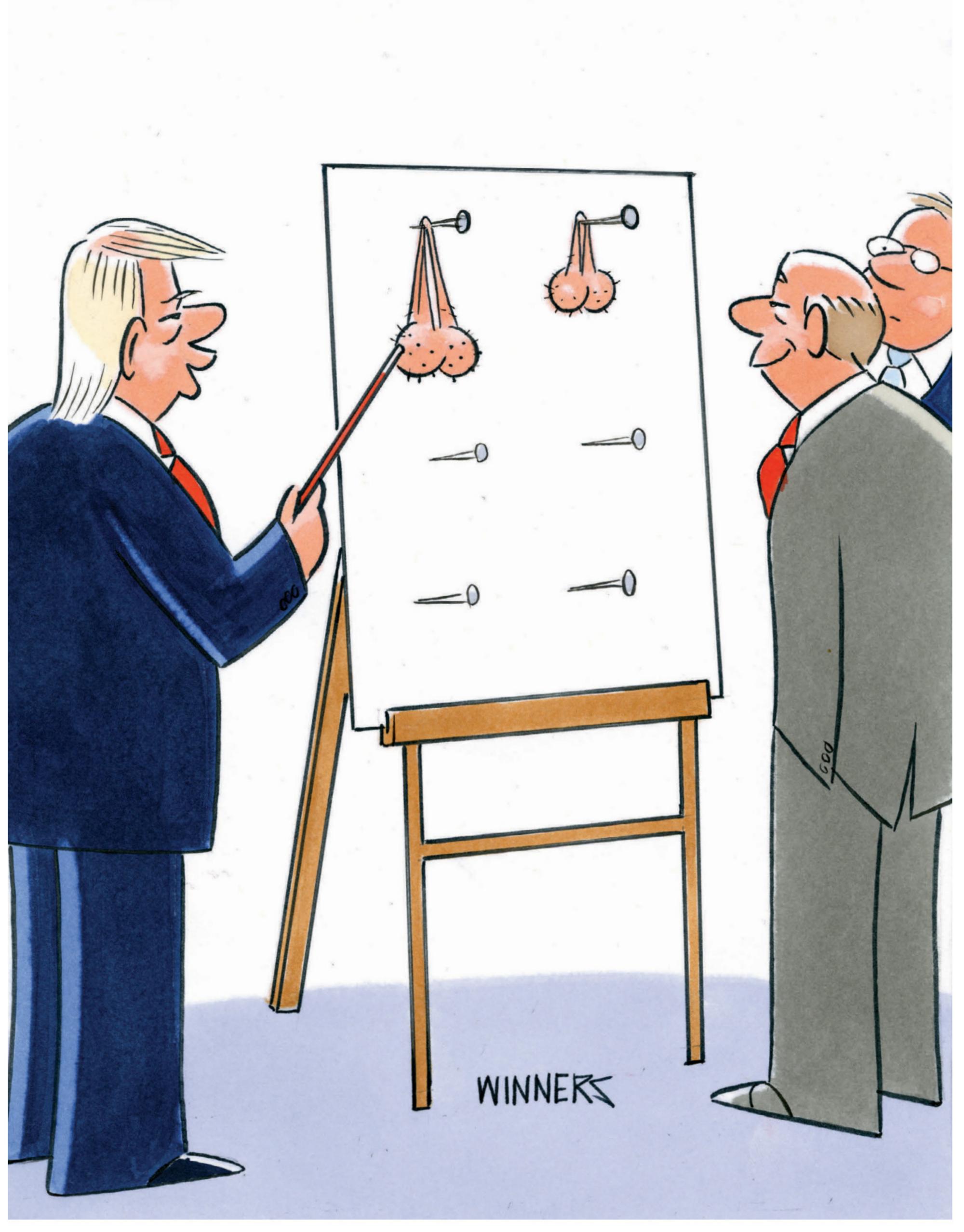
Energy In Depth is another astroturf group defending the fracking industry. It has a Facebook page, a Twitter feed and a YouTube channel. Funded by the Independent Petroleum Association of America and other oil industry organizations, it hires local bloggers and political organizers to combat efforts to regulate fracking and fight all attempts to expose the chemicals being used to pollute our groundwater.

Many of these PR jokers masquerade as grassroots groups, but they're really well-financed propaganda arms of industry. With a bold new Congress in power and the voices of long disadvantaged peoples now being heard in the nation's capital, we can expect a lot more of this manipulative agitprop from the vested interests driving our country and the whole planet toward a cliff. They do not give a rat's ass how many Americans will be poisoned by fracking chemicals; killed by storms, heat waves and wildfires due to runaway climate change; or bankrupted by our scandalously backward healthcare system. They are naked liars motivated by insatiable, irresponsible greed.

So tune up your bullshit detectors, folks, because it's going to be flying thick and fast in the coming years. Don't be fooled!

for the

Larry Flynt Publisher



"These used to belong to Mitch McConnell. That little pair over there used to belong to Lindsey Graham. Ole Lindsey has never had a lot of balls."

FREE HEALTHCARE FOR EVERYONE?

TWO LAWMAKERS INTRODUCE A BILL THAT WOULD DRASTICALLY IMPROVE OBAMACARE AND BENEFIT US ALL.

edicare for All is the ticket to healthcare sanity in America, and the idea is being championed by more members of Congress than ever before. Progressive caucuses in the House and Senate have introduced some bold new proposals to finally deliver a single-payer healthcare plan similar to those that senior citizens and active military personnel already enjoy. More lawmakers had better get on board—particularly any claiming to be a progressive alternative to Donald Trump in the 2020 Presidential election.

Just being anti-Trump won't cut it if the economy, for whatever reason, continues to boom on his watch, and the President continues to cut spending on needless but expensive wars while negotiating to at least modestly bolster this country's international trade agreements. Yeah, the guy is crude, chauvinistic, racist and xenophobic, but heck, this is the United States of America. When have such traits ever disqualified a white man from attaining the heights of political power? Particularly when one of the world's most ardent shysters is already ensconced in the White House.

The Democrats have to do better than appear more civilized. Manners will only take them so far when it comes to whetting Americans' appetites for change while so many are struggling to get by paycheck to paycheck. For too many the biggest drain on that paycheck is a medical issue. We all know that an illness or disease can too quickly become a family budget buster, opening the door to bankruptcy if not homelessness.

Most of us live an illusionary life of middleclass stability until some thin thread in that false safety net below us disappears, and we're confronted with a financial abyss. Here in America that thread is often medically related. However, being burdened by medical expenses is not a problem in dozens of other industrialized nations because government-funded healthcare is a right of citizenship.

The lines have long been drawn in regard to providing all Americans access to healthcare without financial hardships. Regrettably, the Democrats' claim to represent a progressive populism as opposed to the Republicans' dog-eat-dog, free-market rat race has come up dramatically short with the Affordable Care Act (aka Obamacare). The Dems' mandatory healthcare plan was designed to make the big insurance and pharmaceutical companies deliriously happy while we patients are the suckers stuck with brutal deductibles and ever more costly outlays.

That's why the Medicare for All Act of 2019 a House bill recently introduced by Representative Pramila Jayapal (D-Washington) and Representative Debbie Dingell (D-Michigan)—sets the gold standard for what ails this country when it comes to delivering affordable medical care to more Americans than ever. It's even better than the similar plan that Vermont's independent U.S. Senator Bernie Sanders proposed in his last Presidential run (as a Democrat).

The Medicare for All Act of 2019 adds coverage for long-term care and puts a meaningful cap on ever-spiraling drug prices, as well as adding dental and other medical services. This bill also has a clear private sector choice option for the superrich or anyone who wants to pay out of his or her own pocket. Check it out.

With either plan the principle is the same as today's Medicare for seniors: The federal government would guarantee healthcare for all by funding it with taxpayer dollars rather than require consumers—as Obamacare mandates—to buy whatever coverage private health insurers offer.

Former President Barack Obama's Affordable Care Act has failed to control spiraling healthcare costs because it left power to set prices in the hands of the pharmaceutical and healthcare industries, which push those prices up to fatten their profits. That was also the case with the deeply

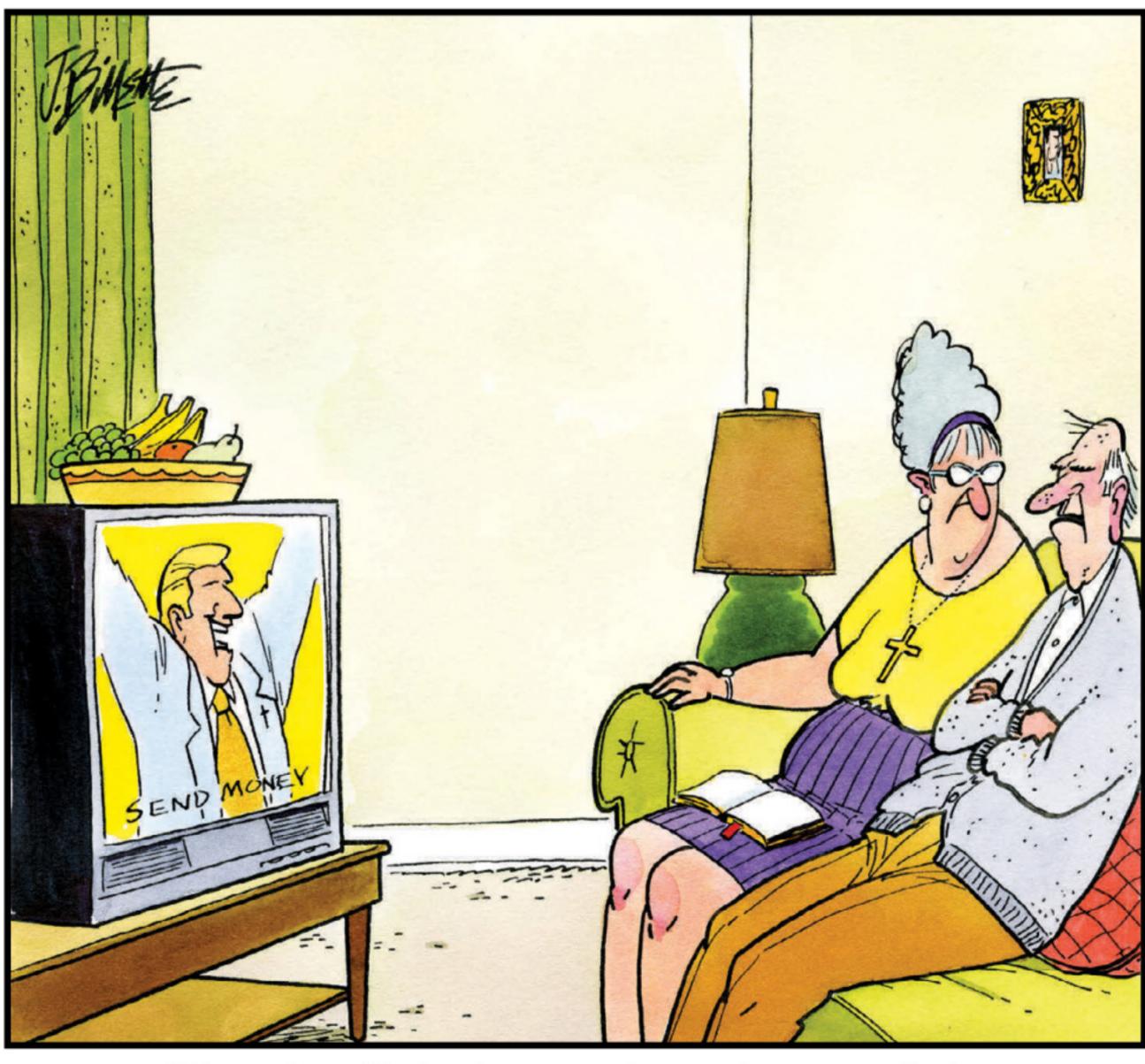
flawed legislation concocted by Hillary Clinton when her then-President husband turned to his corporate lawyer spouse to formulate a plan to reform the healthcare system. Unlike Hillarycare, the new Medicare for All plans empower the government to act as a single-payer negotiator with the pharmaceutical and healthcare industries to cut costs. No wonder their lobbyists will spend a fortune to kill any Medicare for All initiative.

"Improving the Affordable Care Act" is the rallying cry of establishment Democrats, including Richard Neal (D-Massachusetts), head of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee. "That should be the primary goal that we have."

As *Politico* commented, "It's a sentiment shared by the major lobbies that fought alongside Democrats against Obamacare repeal and now want to reap the benefits."

Sure they do, but those benefits come out of our pockets unless you happen to be over the age of 65 or an active member of the armed forces. That's why the rest of us should loudly demand those same government-funded healthcare benefits for all Americans.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.



"Funny how God only seems to speak personally to greedy, right-wing evangelists!"



"I cannot tell a lie. However, I am fluent in alternative facts and bullshit!"

A GREN NEW DEAL

DEMS INTRODUCE A PLAN TO SAVE THE WORLD; THE GOP HAS A COW.

he Green New Deal (GND) must be a great idea. How do I know? Just listen to wing nuts on the Right, like Sean Hannity of Fox News. He freaked out about the plan for millions of new jobs and clean, renewable sources of energy, which—with a straight face—he labeled a "serious threat to our way of life!"

It's "one of the most dangerous, impractical, misguided, economically-guaranteed-to-be-devastating plans *ever* championed by *any* American politician," Hannity railed. "Guaranteed to fail. And the results will be disastrous for the American people.... Beyond dangerous. Beyond scary."

Wow! Sounds bad. Then again, Hannity is easily frightened. For decades he's used apocalyptic rhetoric to slime any noteworthy Democratic initiative. Obamacare, he warned, would destroy America as we know it and kill Grandma with death panels. Oddly enough, since the Affordable Care Act became law almost ten years ago, Grandma has yet to be summoned by a death panel, while 20 million Americans who had no access to healthcare now do. Scary!

Apoplectic scare attacks are nothing new for the Right. In the 1960s Republicans produced a record voiced by a fading actor named Ronald Reagan. It lambasted a Democratic initiative to keep millions of elderly Americans from facing premature death due to a lack of healthcare. The future Republican President described the effort to ensure Grandma didn't face a death panel as "socialized medicine."

Reagan was inveighing against what would eventually become known as Medicare, one of the federal government's most popular and successful programs. He decried the proposed healthcare system as a threat to "our traditional free enterprise system," cautioning that it would "invade every area of freedom as we have known it in this country."

Meanwhile, most of the planet's climate scientists desperately warn that the burning of fossil fuels has brought Earth to a tipping point. Man-made global warming will become unstoppable, resulting in rising sea levels; unprecedented heat; deadlier storms, droughts and wildfires; loss of livable habitat; and inevitable starvation, migration and war.

These aren't screaming right-wing ninnies like Hannity and Reagan, but tens of thousands of scientists whose peer-reviewed evidence has been accurate for decades. Yes, climate change is an *actual* threat to our way of life—not just in America, but worldwide.

Climate realists have new allies on Capitol Hill. In February 2019—after years of inaction, inequity and obstruction by fossil fuel-funded GOPers—freshman U.S. Representative Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (D-New York) and veteran U.S. Senator Ed Markey (D-Massachusetts) introduced twin resolutions "Recognizing the duty of the Federal

Government to create a Green New Deal."

Climate and energy journalist David Roberts told me that the "ambitious" policy proposal is a blueprint "to eliminate greenhouse gases from the U.S. economy through vigorous public investment and job creation." With a ten-year framework—akin to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal and President John F. Kennedy's successful call to send a man to the moon in less than a decade—the program would "meet 100% of our power demand through clean, renewable and zero-emission energy sources."

The Green New Deal's goal is to create millions of jobs through public works projects that would upgrade infrastructure; decarbonize industry and transportation; clean up legacy pollution; provide for communities and workers, such as coal miners, affected by the transition; and promote justice and equality. Sounds terrible, eh?

"We are reclaiming our leadership on the most important issue facing humankind," Markey declared while introducing the measure. "This is the new climate democracy—of the people, by the people, for the planet."

The GND would finally set the U.S. on a path to rapidly attaining maximum energy efficiency, not to mention protecting workers and guaranteeing healthcare and a federal job for anyone who wants to work.

When asked by a reporter how it would be paid for, Ocasio-Cortez replied, "The same way we paid for the original New Deal, World War II, the bank bailouts, tax cuts for the rich and decades of war—with public money appropriated by Congress."

She added, "For every one dollar that we spend

on infrastructure, we get a return on that investment. For every one dollar we spend on tax cuts, we get less than one dollar back. So this is about making *smart* investments that actually generate returns."

The proposal offers a path forward in which everyone wins. Everyone, that is, but the fossil-fuel industrialists who pull the strings of tools like Hannity and his fellow GOP scaremongers and propagandists.

Days after the plan was revealed, Republican Senator John Barrasso of Wyoming—the nation's leading coal-producing state and the home of 1.3 million head of cattle—took a page from the Hannity/Reagan playbook: "Livestock will be banned!" he bellowed on the Senate floor. "Say goodbye to dairy, to beef, to family farms, to ranches. American favorites, like cheeseburgers and milkshake[s], would become a thing of the past!"

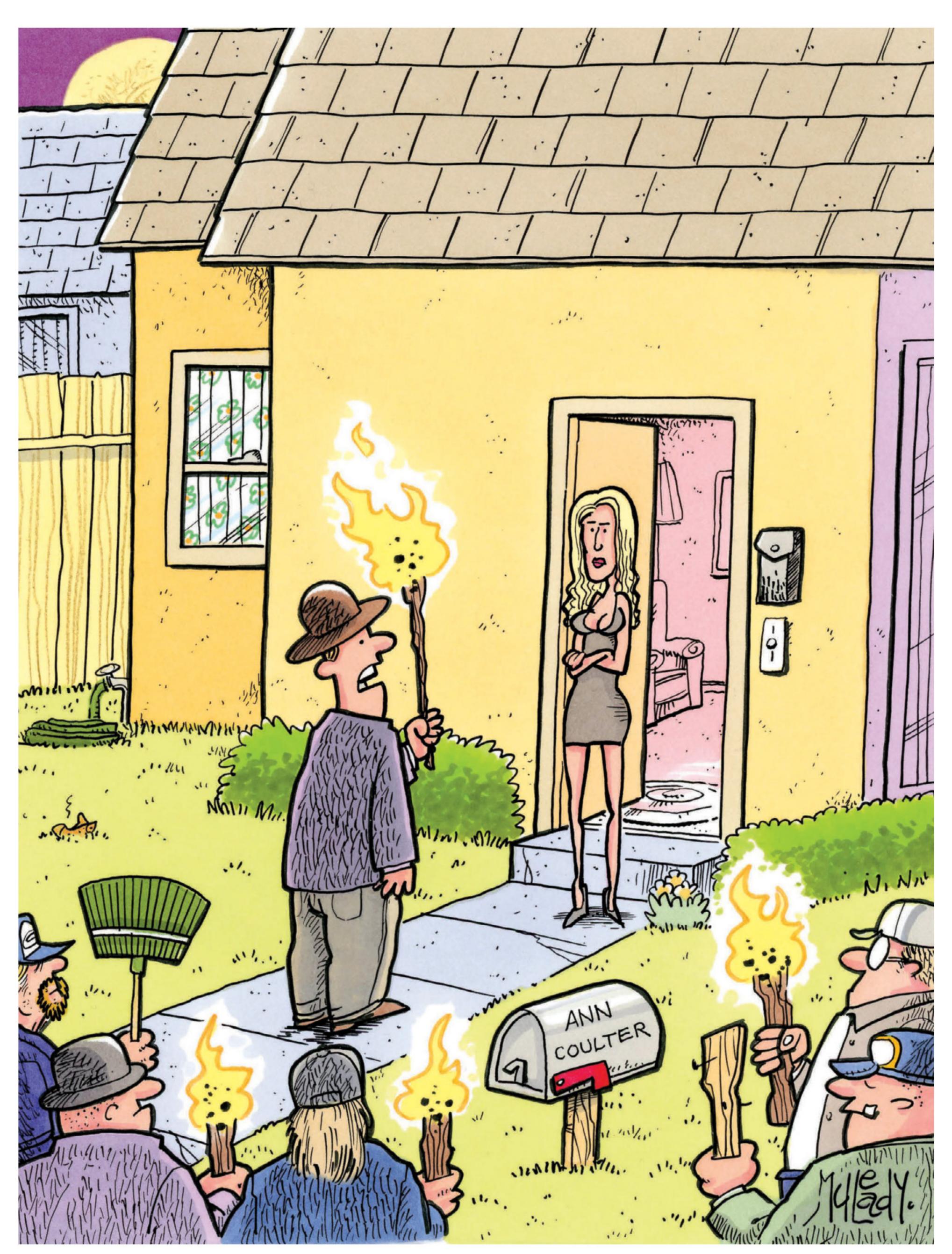
Barrasso's diatribe is bullshit. The GND, as drafted, says nothing about banning any of those things. It doesn't even mention them. But in a post-truth world even the President of the United States, our Liar in Chief, told gullible supporters that the proposed policy would "take away your car...your airplane flights" and, yes, "you're not allowed to own cows anymore!"

If these cowards are willing to lie this baldly and loudly, there must be *something* very good about the Green New Deal. And they know It. Over 80% of registered voters—across all party lines—support what the GND calls for. So, of course, if you can't beat it, scare people about it and hope that fear prevails again.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"We can't let any of them in—none of them would ever vote for Trump."



"Witch hunt? We're sorry, Miss Coulter. We were told this was a bitch hunt!"

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

he tide of #MeToo enlightenment and reckoning has knocked another apex predator off his perch—R. Kelly, the king of R&B and one of the best-selling music artists of all time, was arrested and charged with ten counts of aggravated criminal sexual abuse in February. Like Harvey Weinstein, Kelly ran amok with his insatiable lust for young women. After topping the charts in the '90s and early aughts, he built a harem of sweet, too-young chickadees, ruling over it like an illiterate sheikh from the Middle Ages.

That's not really a stretch, because R. Kelly is nearly illiterate; he struggled in school to learn reading and writing due to an undiagnosed learning disability and still reads with difficulty today. This has left him unable to scan the handwriting on the wall: that even the most powerful men in the world cannot get away with serial sexual abuse forever. They've been falling like dinosaurs after a meteor crash lately, but decades of legal inaction and a legion of adoring fans had convinced the recording superstar that he was the untouchable Teflon Don of the music industry.

His troubles began in 1996, when he was sued by Tiffany "Tia" Hawkins, who alleged that Kelly began fucking her in 1991, when he was 24 and she was 15. The relationship lasted three years, after which Tiffany tried to commit suicide. The suit was reportedly settled for \$250,000, and Hawkins signed a nondisclosure agreement (NDA), setting the pattern for Kelly's serial abuses in the future.

In 1994 he secretly married his 15-year-old protégée Aaliyah, using forged documents that stated she was 18. Kelly had promised to jump-start Aaliyah's career as a singer, a promise he would use to lure many more naive girls into his orbit. Kelly and Aaliyah denied that they had arranged an illegal marriage, but the truth came out in 1997, when Aaliyah filed a suit to have the marriage records expunged.

But one underage chickadee at a time was not enough for Kelly. Gaggles of swooning girls would crowd around him after concerts or in the shopping malls he'd swagger through—"Oh, my God, it's R. Kelly! Live! In person!" He had his pick of the litter. His security goons would give select girls a business card, telling them, "Give R. Kelly a call. He likes you." What impressionable, starstruck teenager could resist a chance to bask in his glory? Among the thousands of delirious fans, they had been chosen!

Soon there were orgies with the chickadees at his house in Chicago, often taped with Kelly's camcorder. A reporter at the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Jim DeRogatis, got wind of the baby bashes and published his first exposé in 2000. More lawsuits followed: In 2001 Tracy Sampson alleged that he took her virginity when she was 17. The following year Patrice Jones sued, alleging that he impregnated her when she was underage and forced her to undergo an abortion. In 2002 Montina Woods alleged that he had secretly videotaped their tryst without her permission. All were settled out of court for undisclosed sums of money and the usual NDA.

Another of the girls was the niece of Stephanie



R. KELLY

"Sparkle" Edwards, one of his background singers. The niece was a precociously talented singer, so Sparkle introduced her to Kelly when she was 12. By the time she was 14, Kelly was allegedly banging her and subjecting her to golden showers. A tape of Kelly pissing all over her and into her mouth was leaked to Jim DeRogatis by one of Kelly's other concubines. Soon bootleg copies of the tape were circulating all over Chicago. It even inspired comedian Dave Chappelle to do a satire skit: himself as the sick performer, singing about his predilection for peeing as he hosed down a bevy of women from a barrel labeled "R. Kelly's urine." Don't misunderstand us here—whatever kink floats the boat for consenting adults is fine by us. But these were not consenting adults—they were gullible children, whose brains were not completely matured, mesmerized by an idol who deliberately degraded them to stroke his monstrous ego. Many have been scarred forever.

In 2002 Kelly was arrested on child pornography charges based on the videotape. Six years later the case finally came to trial. Despite the graphic evidence, he was found not guilty, mainly because Sparkle's niece and her family refused to identify her as the girl in this piss tape. Now choke on this: Kelly allegedly bribed his brother Carey to claim that it was him on the tape in question. What kind of flaming Asshole throws his own brother under the bus to evade justice for his crimes? But with the acquittal and his loyal fans still behind him, Kelly was just getting started.

Some of those fans had camped outside the courthouse during the trial, cheering for him like Charlie Manson's zombie brigade. One of them was 15-yearold Jerhonda Pace, whom Kelly, unrepentant and unfazed by the trial, allegedly began boinking not long after the final gavel was pounded. But exposés continued to dog him over the years, including allegations

that he was running a sex slave cult. Then, earlier this year, a stunning six-part documentary was aired on the Lifetime channel—*Surviving R. Kelly*—featuring a parade of his victims unloading painful testimony.

They had been kept in separate bedrooms of his various houses, deliberately isolated from their

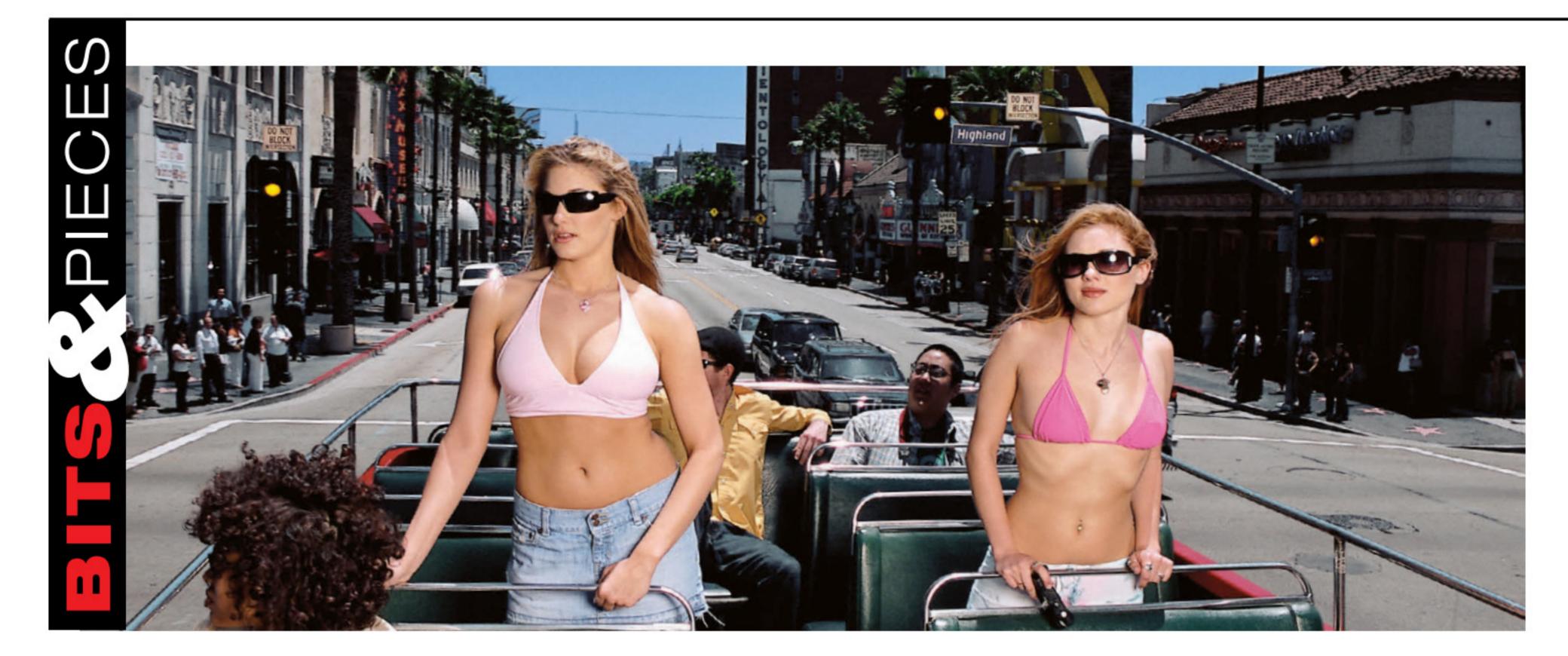
friends and families and not allowed to speak to each other. Their cell phones were confiscated for the slightest infraction of his tyrannical rules. When His Majesty was present, they had to ask permission to come out for food, to use the bathroom, to take a shower or even brush their teeth. They had to call him "Daddy" and like only what he liked. When Jerhonda Pace insisted that she was a fan of the Cleveland Cavaliers, not the Chicago Bulls (Kelly's team), he slapped the shit out of her and said, "You're not eating." She was starved for three days. Another time he held her up by the throat and choked her

until she passed out. A visitor to one of his homes noted buckets in the bedrooms—used when the girls were prohibited from going to the toilets.

His medieval harem occupied multiple houses in Chicago and Atlanta. In later years, with the heat increasing, Kelly only targeted prey on the cusp of legality—17- and 18-year-olds. But they all told the same story of humiliating, sadistic control and abuse. Not the least of them his former legal wife, Andrea, mother of their three children, who earned no greater respect than the rest of his concubines—she had to ask to eat and piss too. Kelly's alleged victims include Lizzette Martinez, Lisa Van Allen, Dominique Gardner, Kitti Jones, Asante McGee and Faith Rodgers. Rodgers states that he intentionally infected her with herpes. Kelly has also repeatedly failed to pay child support to Andrea.

But Time's Up for R. Kelly. Since 2018 the #Mute-RKelly movement—with protests at his concerts, boycotts and petitions to drop him from streaming services and cancel contracts—has borne fruit. His label, Sony-owned RCA Records, dropped him after *Surviving R. Kelly* aired. His concerts in Europe have been canceled. His songs with other performers have been purged from Spotify, Apple Music and Pandora. Former collaborators Lady Gaga, Chance the Rapper, Celine Dion and Ciara have condemned him. In addition to the Chicago charges, the Department of Homeland Security is reportedly investigating him for possible human trafficking violations, and the FBI and IRS are examining his finances.

In his autobiography, *Soulacoaster: The Diary of Me*, RK writes that he was sexually abused from the age of eight by a female family member and an older male neighbor. Certainly that left scars, but it's an explanation, not an excuse. Many other such survivors do not go on to become perverted control freaks with a devil/God complex; they do not turn into raging Assholes for three decades. If justice is served, Robert Kelly will end up behind bars, where he rightfully belongs. His victims are finally being heard, and the scales must tip in their favor.



SEX IN THE CITY

Nothing says sexy quite like cutting loose in...Morgantown, West Virginia? You see, this is what happens when you let a sex toy company use its own data to promote romantic tourism.

It's a pretty common marketing ploy. In this instance, sex toy company Lovehoney employs dubious methodology to suggest that the sexiness of a city can be determined by who's buying the most dildos or searching for terms like *butt plug* online. Just to give you a sense of how insane this is, according to their data, Boulder, Colorado, and Salt Lake City, Utah, rank second and third respectively. I mean, Salt Lake City? Pure boner dust.

If we're expected to take this crap seriously, then let's at least widen the field and break it down by category: romantic, sexy and positively sinful. **Romantic.** Glorious views, a thriving nightlife, excellent food—San Francisco, you are a perfect date waiting to happen. OkCupid compiles user data based on a person's likelihood to enjoy traditionally romantic activities, like long walks on the beach and leather pony play. The Bay Area,

it would seem, is a lover's paradise. In contrast, Washington, D.C., ranks just below a wet dog turd.

Sexy. Now this makes sense: Adult entertainment app Laveeza calculates the sexiest city in America based on the number of sexually active women, quality of sex and a city's standard of living for women. The data was compiled for a study of the most sex-positive cities in the world, and Los Angeles—fourth overall—is the number-one U.S. city for healthy, dirty, female-friendly adult fun. Call it the HUSTLER effect—we love it here!

Sinful. No big surprise that Vegas takes the top spot—at least according to WalletHub. Rankings are a factor of "43 key indicators of immorality" that include "violent crimes per capita" and "excessive drinking"—so not sexy so much as scary. In the "Lust" category, however, Mississippi wins handily thanks in part to a voracious appetite for porn—residents here average the most time spent on adult entertainment sites. After all, it's the Bible Belt.

SAD LITTLE WEINER

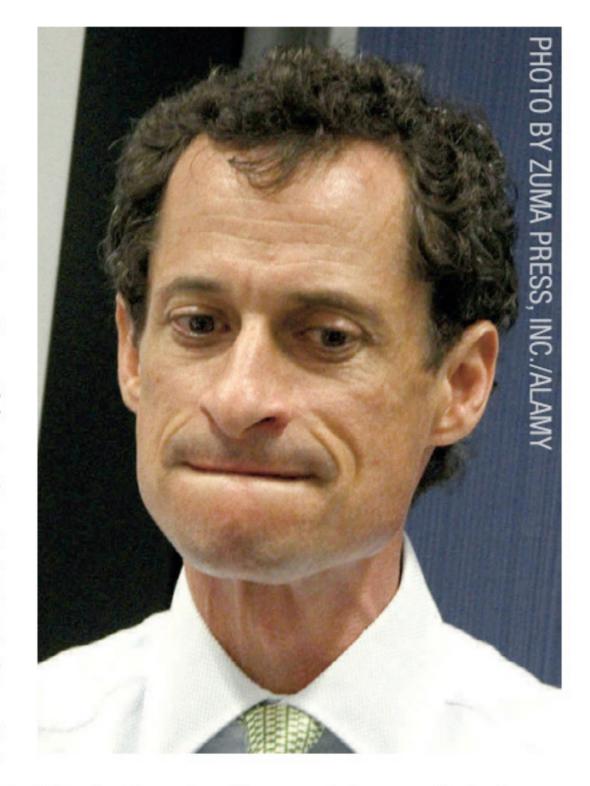
Former congressman and human trainwreck Anthony Weiner has seen better days. He is reportedly back in New York after finishing his term in a Massachusetts prison where he may or may not have been passed around like a plate of hors d'oeuvres.

Earlier this year Weiner was transferred out of the Federal Medical Center Devens in Ayer, Massachusetts, to a Bureau of Prisons residential reentry center in the Bronx. TMZ reports that Weiner will indeed have to register as a sex offender in addition to paying a \$10,000 fine and submitting to three years of "supervised release." Weiner's downfall has been years in the making, beginning in 2011, when he resigned from office after sending dirty pics to women he'd met online.

But let's cut to the chase here. Because anyone who watches TV knows that when a registered sex offender moves into a new neighborhood, said creep is legally obliged to go door-to-door informing lucky residents that they are now living within proximity of an amoral skidmark—in Weiner's case, a guy convicted in 2017 for sending dick pics to a 15-year-old girl from North Carolina. One is reminded of the scene from *The Big Lebowski*, where loudmouth pederast "The Jesus" (played

expertly by Coen brothers regular John Turturro) is on his walk of shame, humiliated over and over again. Now, that's justice.

It's unclear exactly what will happen following his release from federal custody (May 2019), but don't be surprised if this comeback kid makes a go of it in the legal weed trade. As reported by the *Daily Mail* last February, Weiner allegedly met up with



a potential business partner in Manhattan to discuss his possibly foray into the marijuana business. Sources say he offered up tips on how to lure in investors, and we all know that good ole Carlos Danger (his online alter ego) is something of a pro when it comes to luring.

BITS PIECES

FLORIDA: WITH THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF

Florida, America's sweaty ball sac (thank you, Patton Oswalt), earned its reputation as the most batshit crazy state in the union. And it continues to defend this dubious title, day after day, racking up insane headlines. There are columns and radio segments dedicated to the daily parade of depravity. In fact, stand-up comics would be waiting tables without it. As a reminder, here is a two-month snapshot of life in the land of eternal sunshine and crystal meth:

Those macadamia nuts can leave a mark. There's nothing funny about domestic violence. Unless, of course, some burnout with facial tattoos goes to jail for hurling a cookie at his wife's forehead—hard enough to leave a mark. In the words of Jeff Foxworthy, if the arrest report says, "The defendant admitted to throwing the cookie at the victim without her consent," then you might be in Florida.

Lap it up. Florida politics aren't dirty—they're disgusting. Just ask the poor former city manager in Madeira Beach, who took a tongue to the face courtesy of City Commissioner Nancy Oakley. In February Oakley was publicly censured and received a \$5,000 fine for drunkenly licking and groping Shane

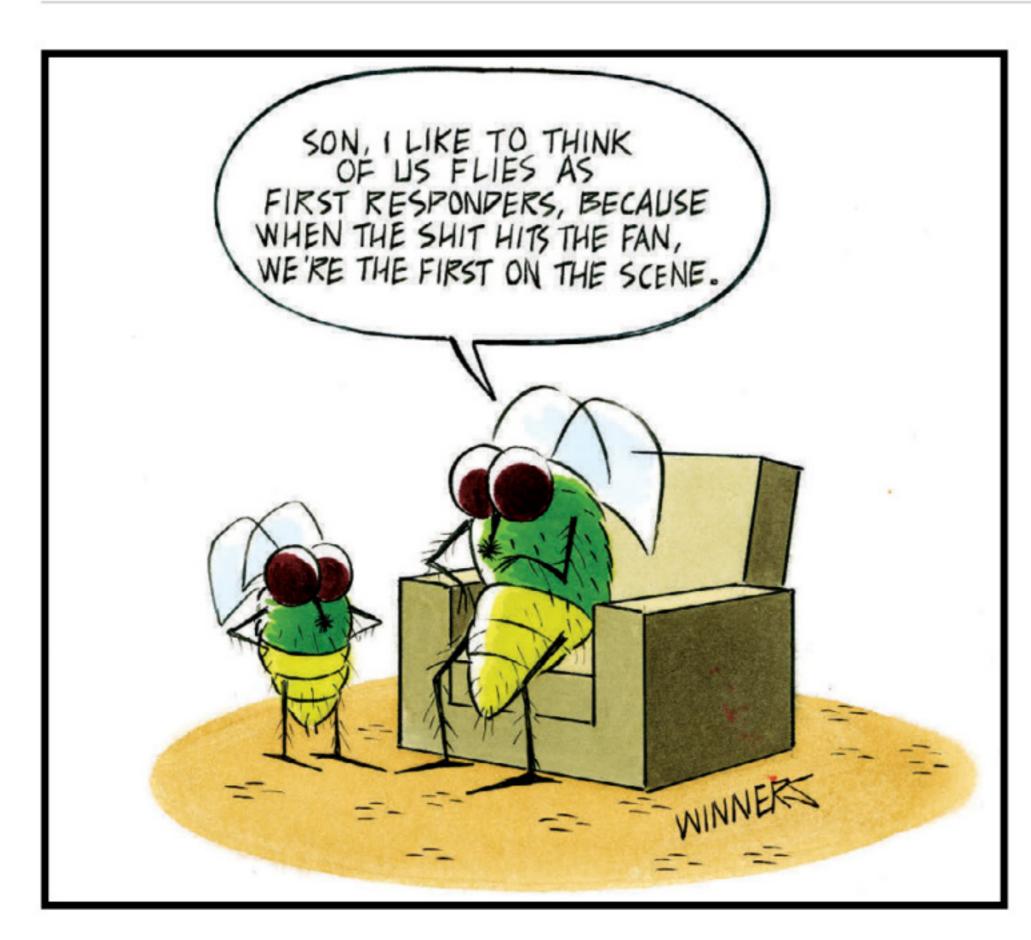
Crawford, whose executive assistant offered up some frank revelations during cross-examination. "I mean, she licked a lot of people.... So everyone kind of talked about the fact that she licked people. That's what she did when she got drunk."

Kill 'em with kindness. As murderous psychopaths go, he's not without his charm. Bryan Stewart of Santa Rosa County was charged with aggravated assault with a deadly weapon and aggravated battery after a neighborly dispute turned sour. According to the police report, Stewart told the victim that he was going to "kill 'em with kindness" before at-



tacking him with a motherfucking machete emblazoned with the word *kindness*. The victim came out of it with just a cut to his hand, which is why we can laugh about it now.

I'm just holding them for a friend. A Pinellas County man, arrested on an outstanding drug possession warrant, had some explaining to do when a prison strip search revealed not one but three syringes hidden up his ass. It would appear that Wesley Scott, 40, rents out his rectum as a storage facility, because he categorically denies the syringes were his. And that's the end of the story.

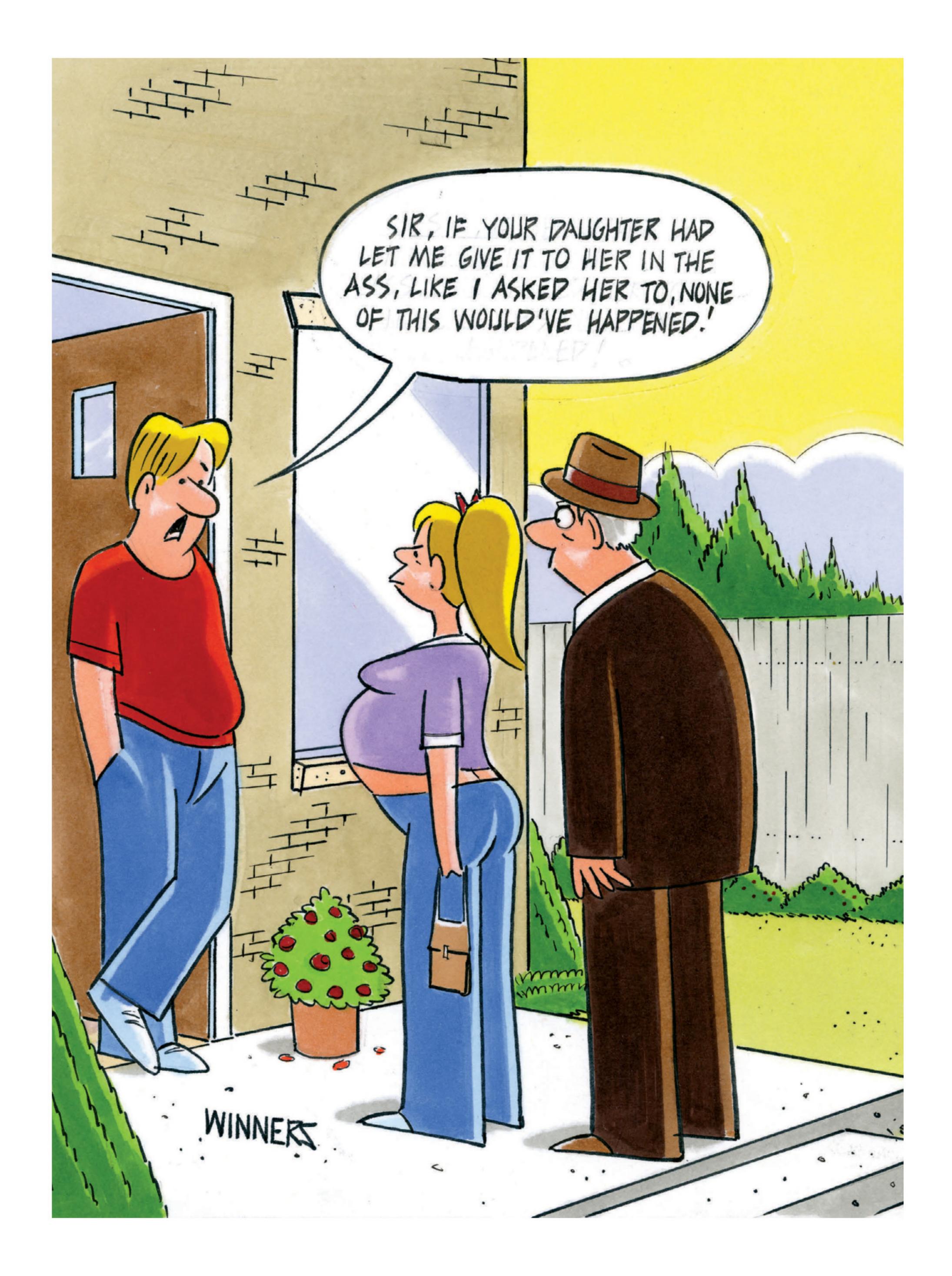




"You're sitting on his water bowl."



HUSTLER PARODY: This is not a real ad. No such product exists. It is a commentary on a President who, as Senate Minority Leader Chuck Schumer stated, has "just used the backdrop of the Oval Office to manufacture a crisis, stoke fear and divert attention from the turmoil in his administration." This parody may be reproduced in publications and on the internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



























It comes as no surprise that porn stars like to fuck and have fun. Nowhere is that more evident than the Adult Entertainment Expo, a celebration of sex held every January in Las Vegas. Everyone who is anyone in the adult industry gets together at the Hard Rock to greet their loyal fans and glad-hand. The weeklong festivities culminate with the AVN Awards, the Oscars of porn, accolades for an anal...all-girl...oral job well-done. It's the ultimate feather in the cap for your favorite fornicators, and HUSTLER is there every schtup of the way. From the convention floor to after-party orgies, enjoy!



Show

Romi Rain

"MY FAVORITE **AVN MOMENTS ARE JUST GETTING TO MEET FANS THAT** I HAVE SPOKEN **TO FOR OVER** A DECADE. **MY CRAZIEST AVN MEMORY?** WHEN I SAW A **GUY HAVE A SEIZURE IN THE ELEVATOR AND I SAVED HIS LIFE."**

-CHARLOTTE STOKELY

"IT'S GREAT TO SEE
EVERYBODY IN
AND OUT OF OUR
NATURAL HABITAT
...WITH MORE OR
LESS CLOTHES ON
THAN USUAL."

-ROMI RAIN

"YES, I LOVE ALL THE FANS AND ATTENTION, BUT MY FAVORITE PART JUST HAS TO BE THE ORGIES AND SEEING HOW CLOSE I CAN GET TO LOOKING LIKE A ZEBRA WITH ALL THE CUM DRIPPING OVER MY BODY AT THE END OF IT ALL."





"I WAS SLEEPING IN MY HOTEL ROOM AT AVN, **AND RIGHT NEXT TO ME MY BEST FRIEND WAS FUCKING MY** ROOMMATE...WELL, **THERE WAS A WHOLE GROUP OF PEOPLE FUCKING EACH OTHER** ON THE BED NEXT TO ME, AND THERE WAS A **CAMERA SET UP IN THE CORNER. I'M JUST LIKE SLEEPING, PASSED OUT."**

-JILLIAN JANSON



"DADDY AND I SPENT **AN AFTERNOON** WANDERING THROUGH ALL THE CASINOS FINDING **COOL SPOTS TO FLASH AND USING THE PHOTO BOOTHS FOR NUDE AND SEXY MAKE-OUT PHOTOS.** THEN THERE'S THE NIGHT **WE SMOKED JOINTS IN** THE JACUZZI WHILE **RUBBING OIL ON EACH** OTHER AND EATING ALL THAT CANDY."

-DAHLIA LUXXX











JOANNA ANGEL & SMALL HANDS



"There's no one else, Josh. It's just that I can't stand you anymore."













These days pretty much everything you can think of has been fetishized, and kinks are fairly commonplace. Unfortunately, so is kink-shaming. Have you ever been reluctant to share a fantasy for fear it would weird out a potential partner? Until you actually broach the subject, you're wondering if your foot fetish is just too bizarre. It's not, by the way. In fact, feet may be one of the world's most popular fetishes. In 2007 a study titled "Relative Prevalence of Different Fetishes," published in the International Journal of Impotence Research, found that 47% of respondents named feet as a favorite body part.

This feature explores those who truly embrace their kinks. Rather than living in fear of judgment, they actually reach out to find like-minded people and form communities. Some of these fetishes grow beyond a Friday-night lark into full-blown lifestyles that take time, effort and commitment. And cash. Lots of cash.

BY IAN FORTEY

Feeders and eaters, or feedees, gained fame online several years back, and a number of websites and tabloids published stories about women who worked as camgirls with a feeder twist. Essentially, rather

than performing some kind of sexual activity for her audience, she eats. She eats a lot. And her fans pay for the pleasure of watching.

One woman in Korea quit her job to spend three hours a day eating on camera. She claims to make \$9,000 a month from her viewers. There are literally dozens of YouTubers who eat for their fans, and thousands of subscribers tune in to watch them devour a meal. Trisha Paytas said someone in Dubai paid her \$10,000 to eat a bucket of KFC!

Watching a woman consume 5,000 calories in a sitting definitely does it for some people. An 18-year-old woman in the U.K. told the story of how her boyfriend was a feeder, what you call the person supplying the food, and wanted to see her eat all the time. She'd consume 10,000 calories in a single day, enough calories to meet most people's needs for five days.

Those who are interested are willing to pay for the privilege of viewing the eating as it happens. On Clips4Sale, viewers pay upward of \$10 per minute to watch the Gainer Girl series. One of the models, Flawless Melissa, makes \$150 per person who ogles her eating a pizza. Other models take down 13,000 calories each and every day, while fans send money or food and even new clothes when the women outgrow their old ones.

The idea of paying a woman to eat or providing her with food that she'll eat while you watch is definitely a niche thing. Part of the thrill stems from following the progress. A successful feedee will obviously be gaining weight, and she can share with her followers how many pounds she's gaining week over week. They will set goals viewers can track. In an odd way it's like a video game. You're investing your time and money, and your high score is her new weight.

A hardcore feedee dedicates a lot of time to eating. We're talking hours upon hours every day because the goal for some is literally to gain as much weight as possible. The fact that it literally transforms your body puts this fetish above and beyond almost any other kind you can imagine. And of course there are extremely serious health risks, including heart disease and diabetes. Intense.

You like dogs, right? Sure you do. And even if you're more of a cat or marmoset person, you'll probably agree that dogs have some admirable qualities. Loyalty. Love. And they're pretty darn adorable. So when you hear that there's a puppy play fetish that doesn't actually involve real dogs—because we're not getting quite that weird in this article—but rather people acting like and in some cases dressing like dogs, it shouldn't come as a big surprise.

We get that role-play is a thing. Everyone likes to pretend now and then. But that's not the full essence of puppy play. It's more than just role-play for the duration of a sexual tryst. Puppy play can get very in depth, and this fetish brings with it pageantry.

Human pups can actually wear a full-body latex dog costume. Remember that scene in The Shining with the dude in the bear outfit? It's kind of like that, but more realistic. For some the fetish includes living at home like a dog, potentially for all of their downtime. So maybe a devotee wears a suit to work from 9 to 5, but at home they're fully a Dalmatian. They don't go on the furniture without permission, they eat and drink from bowls, and they even use the yard to go to the bathroom. It's not a passing fad for true fetishists either. One man profiled in the 2016 documentary Secret Life of the Human Pups has been doing it for ten years.

The puppy play enthusiasts profiled in this documentary point out that a lot of it has to do with giving oneself over to something simple and primal. There are no bills to pay when you're a dog, no stress of fitting into society or living up to expectations. You're just a dog. Someone walks you on a leash, and you just get to be. >>





PONY If you want to take a step up from puppy play, the next fetish to explore is pony shows. Both puppy shows have a very "furry" vibe to them, and Lord knows furries have been mocked in popular culture. There's that documentary, *Bronies: The Extremely Unexpected Adult Fans of My Little Pony*, as well as furry conventions, and it's easy to present these fetishists as the butt of jokes. On the other hand, is wanting to dress like an animal so different than donning a maid's outfit? Or having a fetish for a military uniform?

When it comes to pony shows, there's a reason we're saying "show," rather than just play. There are actual shows that get put on, out in the world at large, at which people dress like ponies and perform. Think of an equestrian event with real horses doing jumps and showing off their training. Now replace the horses with people in horse costumes. That's what's up.

Investment in pony play can hit your wallet pretty hard. If you go to Etsy and search for pony play outfits, you'll be met with a deluge of leather horse gear designed to fit humans. Many pieces cost in excess of \$200 each, and head bridles are in the neighborhood of \$500.

A group that calls themselves Ponies on the Delta meets twice yearly in Louisiana to have competitions where everyone is in full costume, complete with harnesses, whips, chains, leather straps and even carts to pull passengers. In Los Angeles you can hit up the Equus International Pony Play Event, a yearly affair that's been going on since 2015, or the semiannual Pony and Critter Jamboree, which dates back to at least 2010.

This is an outdoor event, so it's not a sexual thing, at least not in any explicit way. People show off their outfits, get brushed and groomed, do show jumps and compete to see who's the best horse of all. It's the thrill of bringing your private self into a public space with like-minded individuals.

Part of being a human pony involves giving up what you are "normally." The people involved mention they pay taxes and go to work all week long, but when they do this on the weekend, it lets them be who they want to be. And that's a very relatable thing. When you're a child, you pretend to be all sorts of things, and then you're told to grow up and get real at some point. Pony play enthusiasts try to find a balance between normal working life and full-on horse existence.

ADULT Nursing relationships revolve around an adult breastfeeding another adult, though the relationship isn't necessarily a sexual one. If you head to Pornhub right now, you'll find over 1,000 videos tagged "lactation" and hundreds more tagged "breastfeeding." Compare that to "feet," which has over 159,000 videos, and you'll see it's not as big a fetish by any means. That said, if you google "people seeking adult nursing relationships," you'll literally get millions of results, including classified ads and dating sites specifically for people into breastfeeding.

This particular fetish seems to be one of the most hotly debated by people online. A profile of one adult breastfeeder and her partner in the *Daily Mail* had readers cursing the woman so much, you'd think she was drowning kittens in the river. Much of the confusion seems to stem from why these relationships even exist. As *Rolling Stone* pointed out in their August 2016 profile on the subject, the fetish can cover

many bases, including fulfilling maternal needs and satisfying a desire for nurturing. Of course it can be sexual as well.

There are forums for those who engage in the practice, not just the men and women who are feeding, but for the women lactating. They share tips on how best to stimulate milk production, which can include anything from hormones to mechanical pumps to electro-stimulation with a TENS unit. This obviously isn't an overnight process. It can take a woman literally months of work to stimulate milk production if she's not already lactating. She needs to want to fundamentally transform part of her body in a pretty significant way. That's what takes this particular fetish to the next level. It makes jerking off on a foot look damn easy.

LIVE-IN The term *sex slave* carries more baggage than the average hotel porter. To some it's just a bit of SLAVES dirty fun, and to others it's a seriously demented crime. For our purposes, we're going in the middle to discuss what's very much a consensual relationship between adults, but also involves living 24/7 in another person's home and maybe never putting clothes on for months at a time. That's the life of a live-in sex slave.

Most of us can probably only guess what a sex slave actually is. You understand the words or even the concept, but how does it work in reality? How do you legitimately, sanely keep another human on hand to use? And if you're the slave, how the hell do you get into that situation? Or out of it?

As with all worthwhile curiosities, stories of real-life BDSM slaves can be found online. One woman posted her tale in a Reddit thread that delved into an entire 16-month period she spent as her master's live-in slave. Contrary to what you might think when you hear it, this was 100% consensual. She was never forced into anything and always had the option to leave. In fact, she did leave after 16 months.

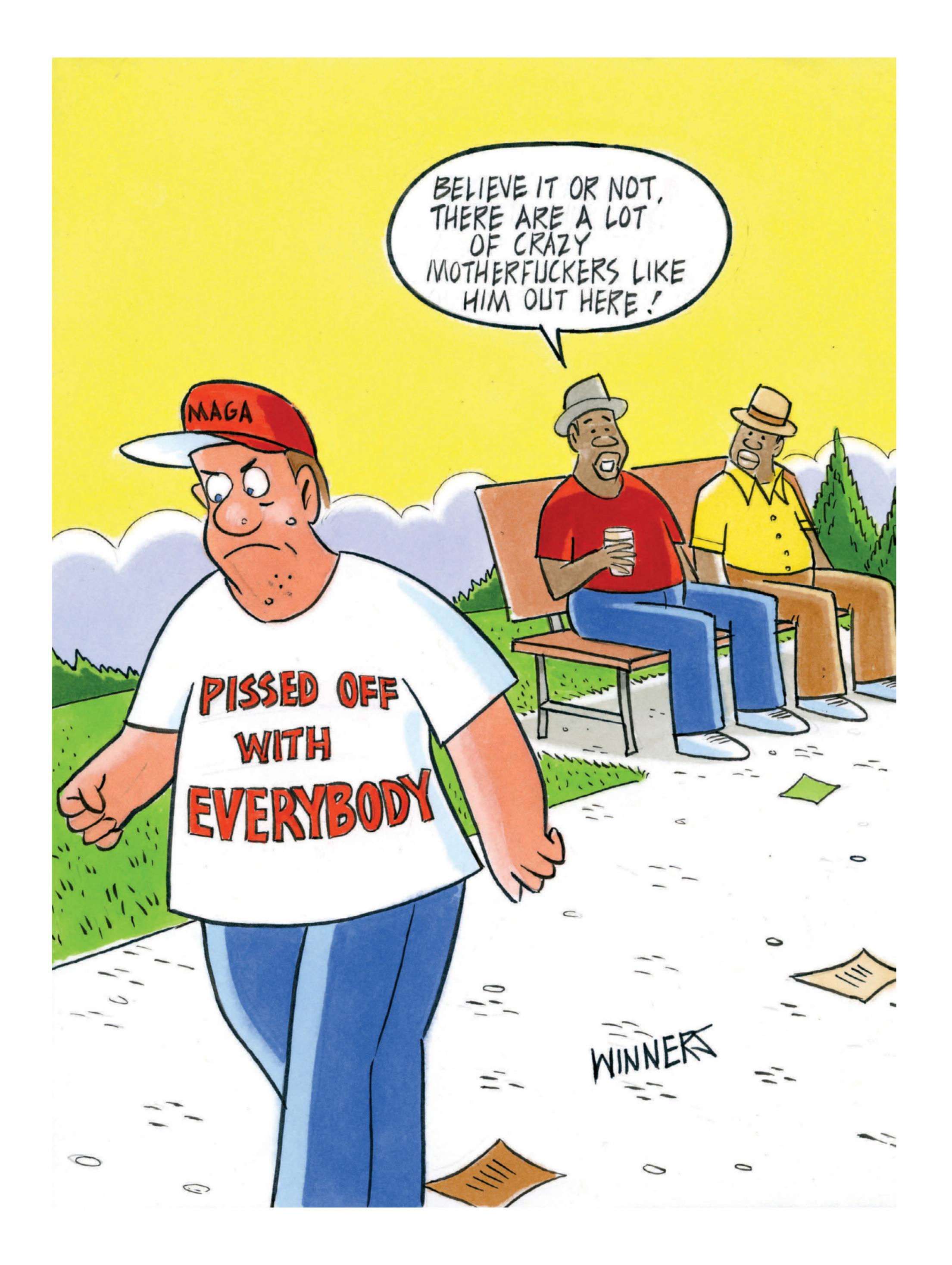
So what does 16 months as a slave entail? To start, full-time nudity, as in no clothes ever, except for panties during her period. She didn't leave the house and was actually restricted from contact with the world. She wasn't using the phone or watching TV. She didn't even know what day it was, because that level of control is what the man wanted, and she was fine with it.

Her initial setup included listing what she was cool with and what she wasn't. She said no to branding and needles, for instance. It was all very businesslike. They had sex, they used restraints or other S&M devices. She had no idea what time it was or even what season. Sixteen months passed, she said her safe word, he got her clothes out of storage and took her out for dinner with her mom. The end.

On the flip side of things are those who own slaves and their perspective. Barcroft TV profiled a dominatrix who has slaves that do things like housework and shopping for her. She sometimes beats them or uses them as footstools to exert control. She also has what are called "pay pigs," men who give her money and buy her things at her leisure.

For those in the lifestyle this can be perfectly normal, but from the outside this level of commitment seems staggering. Have you ever done anything every single day for 16 months? You have to respect the kind of focus involved in all of the kinks highlighted on these pages. It makes your obsession with big butts seem a little tame, doesn't it?



















































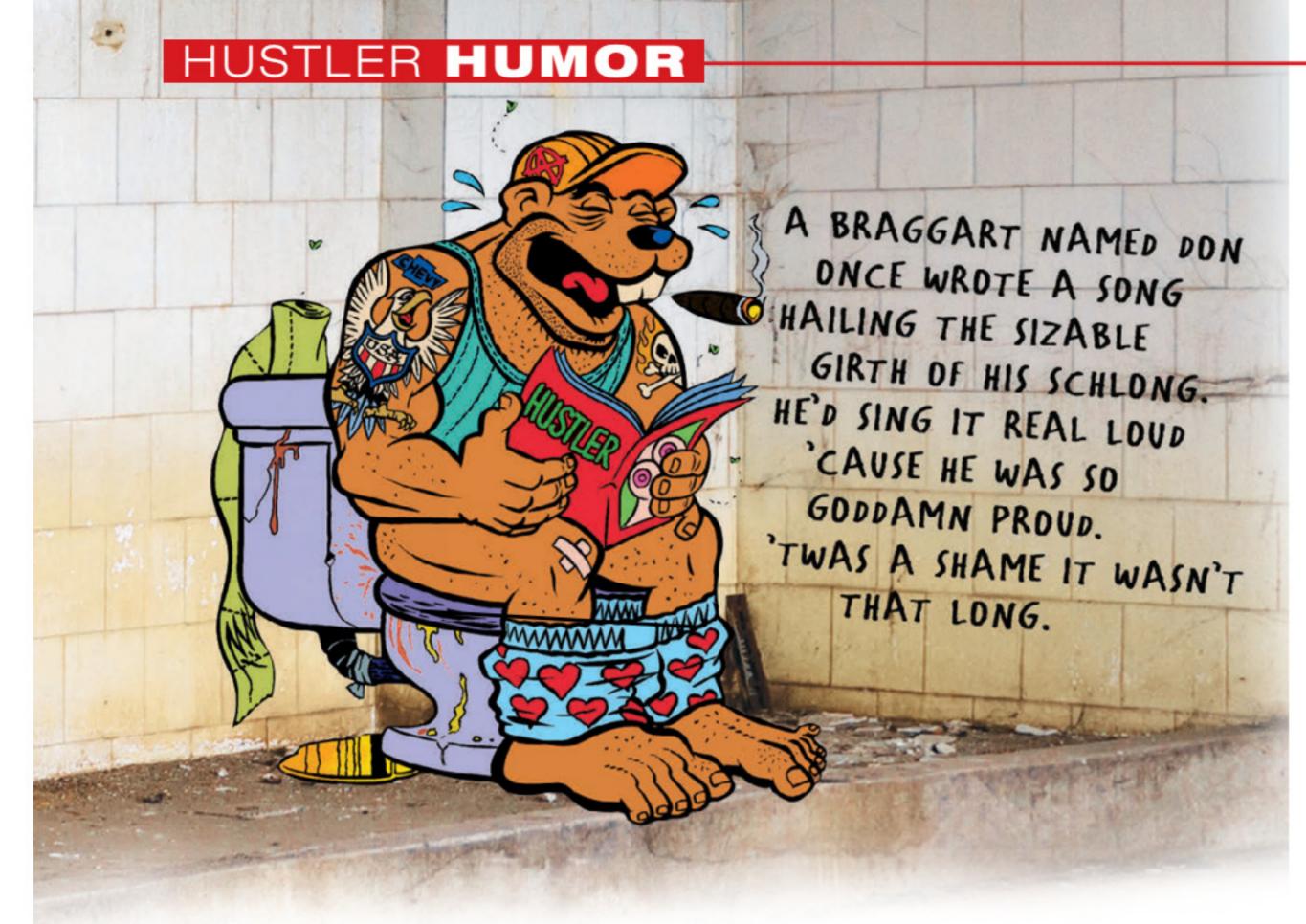












A blind man went into a restaurant and took a seat. The owner came to his table and asked, "Menu, sir?"

"No," the patron replied. "I'm blind. Just bring me one of your dirty forks. I will smell it and order."

The confused owner found a dirty fork, and the blind man sniffed it, inhaling deeply. "Yes, I will have the lamb with seasoned potatoes and broccoli."

Unbelievable! the owner thought.

The blind guy ate his meal and left.

Two weeks later he returned. Wanting to see how good the customer's sense of smell really was, the owner rushed into the kitchen, where his wife Brenda was cooking. "Do me a favor," he said. "Rub this fork over your pussy." Brenda was puzzled, but did as her husband requested.

The owner went back to the customer and handed him the fork. The blind man stuck it under his nose, took a deep breath and gasped, "*Mmm*, I didn't know that Brenda worked here."

Question: What do you call a couple who practices the withdrawal method of birth control?

Answer: Parents.

A man told his wife, "I hope to die while having sex."

To which his wife responded, "Well, at least it would be quick."

A woman holding a baby girl was waiting for the pediatrician to come into the examining room for the infant's first checkup. The doctor arrived and did a thorough exam.

Concerned about the infant's low weight, he asked the woman, "Is she being bot-tle-fed or breastfed?"

"Breastfed," she replied.

"Please strip down to your waist," the doctor instructed.

The woman did so, and the doctor pinched both of her nipples, then pressed, kneaded and rubbed both breasts in a very professional manner. While motioning to the woman to get dressed, the doctor remarked, "No wonder this baby is underweight. You don't have any milk."

"I know," the woman snickered. "I'm the baby's aunt, but I'm glad I came in."

Question: What did the elephant say to the naked man?

Answer: How do you breathe through that thing?

Grandpa and Grandma were spending the night at the home of their grandson Robert and his family. When Grandpa found a bottle of Viagra in the medicine cabinet, he asked Robert about using one of the blue pills.

"I don't think you should take one, Grandpa," Robert warned. "They're very strong and very expensive."

"How expensive?" Grandpa asked.

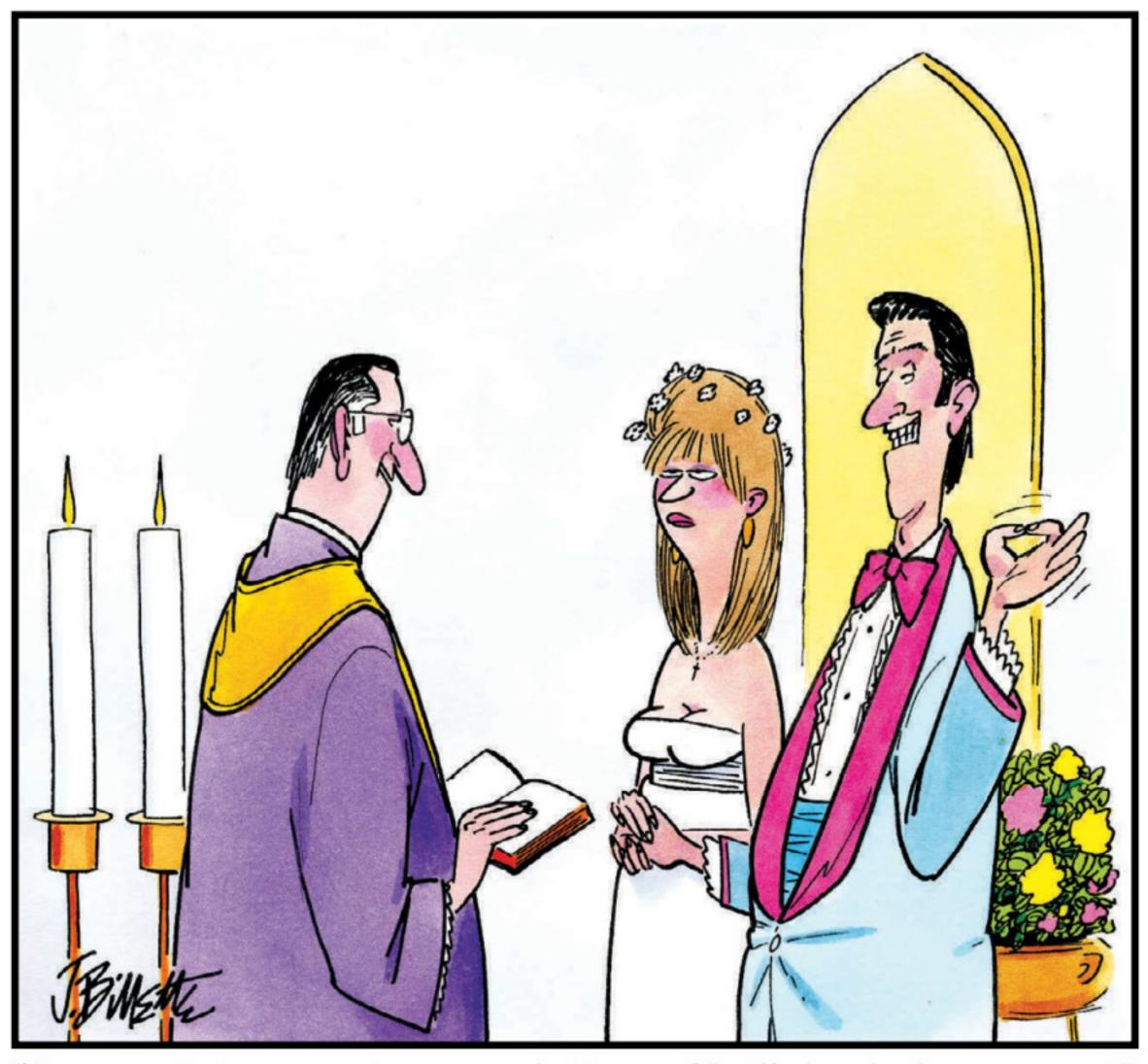
"Twenty dollars a pill," Robert answered.

"I don't care," Grandpa muttered. "I'd still like to try one. I'll hide the money under a pillow before we take off in the morning."

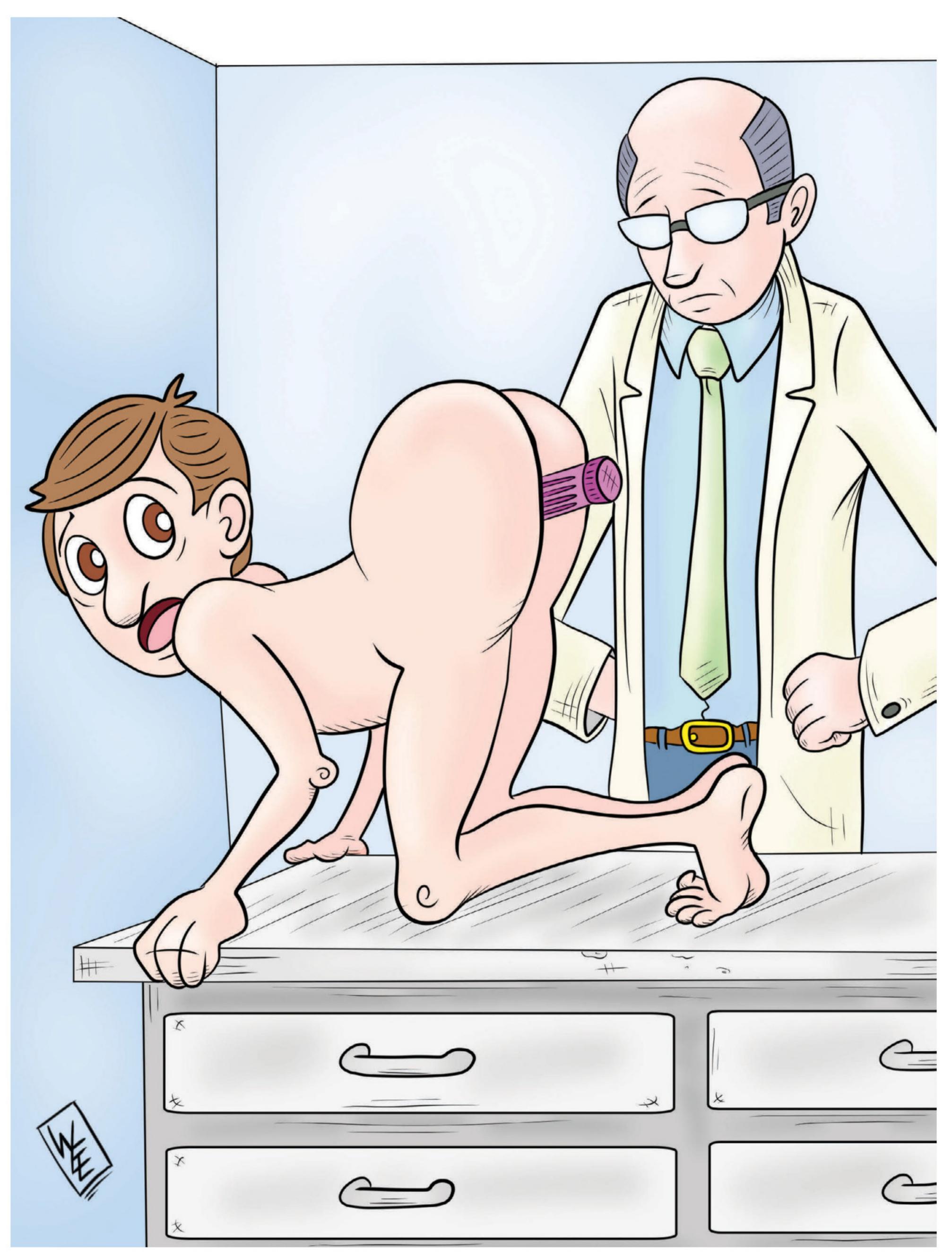
After waking up the next morning, Robert walked into the empty guest room and found \$120 under a pillow. He immediately called his grandfather and said, "I told you each pill was \$20, not \$120."

"I know," Grandpa replied. "The extra 100 bucks was from Grandma."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"Do you, Anita, promise to suck Tony off till death do you part?"



"Oh, no, Doctor, I don't want you to remove it! Just change the batteries!"

RON WHITE A LIFE LIVED LARGE

Ron White used to be known as a cigar-smoking, scotch-drinking funnyman, but that description no longer holds true. Today Ron drinks his very own Number Juan tequila. If his drink of choice has changed, however, Ron's ability to make people laugh has not. For 32 years "Tater" has been on the road telling jokes, culminating in his role as one of the charter members of the record-breaking Blue Collar Comedy Tour. Ron has written a *New York Times* best-seller, *I Had the Right to Remain Silent...But I Didn't Have the Ability*, and made cameo appearances in multiple Hollywood hits, but in 2019 he's splitting his time between being a wildly popular stand-up comic and a tequila mogul. The hilarious Mr. White recently took a break from headlining in Las Vegas to chill with HUSTLER, generously plying us with his extraordinary anejo and regaling us with tales of a life lived large.

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY PHOTOGRAPHY BY CURTIS JOE WALKER



HUSTLER: First things first, Ron. Are you now or have you ever been a HUSTLER reader?

RON WHITE: The first HUSTLER Magazine I ever saw I found in a ditch when I was 12 years old. I'd never seen pubic hair before. My dad had a couple of men's magazines, some *Playboy*s, and I knew where they were hidden. But we were walking by this ditch, and there was a magazine down there with what seemed to be pubic hair. It was a HUSTLER, and it was our prize. We cut the pictures out of it, showed 'em to people at school, like, "What about that right there, huh?"

The touching story of a boy's first bush!

Exactly. And then that sort of goes to, I dunno, two or three years ago. I've always liked Larry, so I was sitting reading one of his books about being a patriot and a pornographer. It said Larry always returned his phone calls, so I was sitting beside the pool at the Peninsula Hotel in

Beverly Hills, and I called his office. They said he wasn't in, and I said, "Okay." Then 30 minutes later the phone rings, "It's Larry!" [Laughs.] I didn't really have a question; I just wanted to see if he was gonna call me back. I wished I'd had a question for him because I would have loved to talk to him. Now I live in Beverly Hills, so I see him a lot down there, just enough to say hi. We don't have a relationship of any kind, but I'll tell you, he is a man of his word, 'cause he called me back!

Of course he did! Back to your childhood: Is it true you always wanted to be a comedian?

No, not really, 'cause I didn't even realize it was an option. In small-town Texas they don't talk a lot about the arts on career day. They want you to be a left-handed Heliarc welder, 'cause that's where the money is. It wasn't until I was in my late 20s that I really entertained the idea, and then the first time I walked onstage, I remember clearly thinking,



Oh, I'm a comedian! I was wondering what I was...

Was that after your stint in the Navy?

Way after. I was in the Navy when I was 18. I was 29 when I started doing stand-up.

What did you do in between those gigs? Just knock around?

I was a regional marijuana distributor in the state of Texas. [Laughs.] I sold windows and doors. I sold something. I was always a really good salesman, but I kinda went from job to job. Nothing really suited me at all. I knew that there was something about my brain that was special and a lot of stuff about my brain that was not special at all. I couldn't do traditional schoolwork, and I didn't graduate from high school, so I spent a lot of time, especially in my teens and 20s, doing way too many drugs and just exploring life and seeing if I could figure it out. My retirement

"IT WAS KIND OF A BRIEF BOUT OF SOBRIETY THAT, WITH THE HELP OF MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY, I WAS ABLE TO OVERCOME."

plan was "Maybe something neat will happen." And it did, so that's good.

Something about your brain was special?

I just knew that I could hold court in any situation from the time I was a little kid. At a little kids' party they'd be gathered up around me, and I'd be telling 'em something. So as I got older, that just turned into me talking and people listening, at parties or whatever. Then, when I was in my late teens, I got probated into a drug abuse program, and I became their primary public speaker. I ended up going to work for them as a counselor. It was kind of a brief bout of sobriety that, with the help of my friends and family, I was able to overcome. But for a while there I was a public speaker, and I'd go around to high schools full of kids and just tell my life story of struggling with addiction, and it was hilarious. It was what I was good at. They had other celebrity speakers, and I wasn't a celebrity at all, but I was so much better at doing it that I became their primary guy. That's probably why I wasn't afraid to get onstage when that all came around.

You're sort of famous now for being a smoker and drinker, so did you really believe those speeches you were giving?

Well, I had a problem back then, and I knew nobody was kidding. They sent me to rehab as opposed to revoking my probation and sending me to prison, so I was like, "Maybe they're on to something here." And maybe they were, because I was out of control completely then with hard drugs, but I never went back to it after that. I went back to everything else, but not hard drugs.

So does that mean you joining the Navy was one of those "enlist or go to jail" deals?

Not exactly, but it was close, ya know. It was my dad's idea, because everybody was sick of me. My dad was like, "I could use a break. How about the service for you?" And as I much as I love our military and believe in it and support it, I was horrible at it. I was the worst! There's just no room for somebody with a mouth in the U.S. Navy. I had these guys who were ensigns, barely older than me, screaming in my face, and I just didn't do it as well as some people do.

Did you see the world in the Navy?

I was on a USS *Conserver*, stationed out of Pearl Harbor. We went to the Western Pacific, and we were kinda involved in the evacuation of Vietnam. This would have been, I think, '75, at the end of that war. I spent some time in the Philippines, working at a station for evacuees, and part of it was horribly sad, even for me. Obviously these people escaped a very deadly situation and did not know where their families were, a lot of them, so it was really a tear-jerking situation.

Sounds terrible.

It was. But otherwise, the Philippines were a blast.

I'm imagining you as Richard Gere in *An Officer and a Gentleman*, brawling in the streets.

No, I was really just enjoying the hookers and the buzz. They had this really good Thai stick over there, which was an opium-soaked weed. I felt very attractive, and I was enjoying the local fare, like any good tourist should.

You don't have any trouble talking about your enjoyment of weed, right? >>

I've smoked it since I was 12 or 13 years old, except for that sad period where I was sober, so I never really cared. The law against it made no sense to me. I've smoked weed on the road for 32 years, and no one's ever said a word.

Was there maybe one incident though, when a disgruntled employee turned on you?

Yeah, that was a different thing. I was on a plane, and I had fired these two pilots, and they called ahead to the DEA to tell 'em it was a drugsmuggling plane. So we land at Vero Beach, and I'm looking at all this hubbub outside the plane. I'm there by myself, and there's people out there with AK-47s, and I'm like, "What's this all about?" Then they're banging on the door of the plane, saying, "We've been told this is a drugsmuggling plane." The cops that were there knew who I was, so I said, "Obviously that's a lie." I said, "I can tell you who told you that, and you should go find them." But they said, "We need to search the plane anyways." And they did, and the dog was barking a little bit, but there nothing on the plane, 'cause I'm not a drug smuggler. I did have a little bit of weed in my bag though, so after the search, they said, "Now the dog has to sniff that bag." That's when I thought, *Ruh-roh*. [Laughs.]

How much was in there?

Seven-eighths of a gram, and like I say in my act, "When I have seveneighths of a gram of marijuana, I consider myself to be out of marijuana."

So what happened?

They found seven-eighths of a gram, and the DEA took me to jail. The cops didn't want to because they knew it was ridiculous, but then the sheriff of Vero Beach was quoted as saying "He may not have had a lot of marijuana with him, but who knows how much he did have before?" That was an actual quote! I'm like, how do you know I didn't just kill someone? Why don't we hang me from a tree? I wanted to fight it all, but my management team is not like that, so they convicted me on this charge of having seven-eighths of a gram of marijuana, and I was put on some kind of double-secret probation for about 20 minutes.

Was that the end of it?

No, it was great for my career. I had a show that night. There were a couple thousand people there, and I was just over two hours late, but not one person left! They were giving them updates: "They're moving him over to county jail now." And the crowd would roar! There were all these kids out there with big friggin' signs that said "Free Tater!" The next time I went there, I sold out four shows. So everything jumped after that, book sales, ticket sales, everything. Just because of the story of how the cops drove by three meth labs and a dead hooker to get to the airport to grab my seven-eighths of a gram of marijuana.

Tell us about your early days in comedy.

It was Dallas/Forth Worth. I didn't make any money for a while, but I did open mics every night. There were four clubs in town, and I realized early on if you wanted to be the opening act, you don't have to be that funny; you just have to be a good host. So I became a really good host, which got me a lot of stage time, and then I invented stage time. I would go to restaurants and talk to the manager, like "You oughta have a comedy competition here, and dinner for two is the prize." They'd always go "Okay," and then I would just call comics that I was better than 'cause I needed the free food! I remember, I was nervous to do my first four

minutes onstage, and the bartender, Alex Reymundo, who is also a comic, handed me a shot and a beer. We ended up touring the country together. I became a feature act, and Alex was the opening act, mostly in the South and Midwest, but we'd be in either his Nissan or my Toyota truck, driving 800 miles to make no money but just having a blast.

And that somehow turned into you joining maybe the biggest comedy act ever, the Blue Comedy Collar Tour?

Well, I knew [Jeff] Foxworthy and [Bill] Engvall from day one. Foxworthy was actually at the first four-minute set I ever did, and he came up to me afterward and said, "You're really funny, but you need to put the punch line at the end of the joke." I was like, "Uh, how do you do that?" But that's just how generous he is as a human being. We sat there and rewrote my four minutes, like, "Say this here and this here, so you're not stepping on the laughs." I don't think you can learn to be funny, but you can learn about structure, and he was generous enough to do that for me. Now if I see someone do their first four minutes, I'm just like, "You're fucked." [Laughs.] So Jeff Foxworthy was a mentor and a very generous ally, and I would not be where I am today without him, that's for sure, 'cause when I first heard the idea of the Blue Collar Tour, I said, "That's retarded. You don't need four comics in a show. Why would you even do that?" So I'm not much of a seer. Then Warner Bros. turned it into a movie, and it sold like 4.5 million copies in no time, and I couldn't walk outside. All of a sudden I was rich and famous, after being a journeyman guy for 15 years.

You're also famous as a drinker, and apparently now you own a tequila company?

Number Juan tequila! We drink all we can and sell the rest. It's made in this ugly, little bitty distillery, doesn't get a lot of tourists, but a friend of Alex's who was born in Mexico found this tequila, so we started drinking it a while back. Then we bought Number Juan because we couldn't get it here.

So you've given up scotch for tequila?

I would drink a lot of scotch, which I did for 25 years, and late at night I would get morose, which makes nobody horny. I never had a girl go, "Let me slip out of these panties while you tell me about your tax problems." But with tequila you just wanna dance and fuck. And the truth about my Number Juan tequila is that there's no secret recipe to it. It's just two ingredients, agave and water, but our partners are farmers, so we get great plants that are ripe. It's expensive to make, but it's extraordinary. If you don't drink anything but this Number Juan and don't pollute it with wine or soda pop, there is no hangover. Look, you can get wasted on it, but still wake up in the morning feeling like a human being.

Would you care to comment about that asshole George Clooney's bullshit tequila?

Those are your words, not mine! They make a good drink, but it's not Number Juan. And people asked me, "Did that make you mad, when [Casamigos] sold for that much money?" I go, "Oh, no, that made me happy. They rose the price on every house on the street when they sold that thing!"

I ask this as delicately as possible, but are you married?

[Laughs.] I don't even know the answer to that. That's to be determined in a court of law. I say no, she says yes, so we're stuck in the middle there.

Wikipedia says you're not.

I kind of say it both ways too. Whatever suits my position better.

Would this be the third wife we're talking about?

That also is a matter of dispute. My first wife I was married to for 12 years, and she had my son, and when we got a divorce, she got a dryer for all of her troubles. Then I was with a girl for about six years who I never married, and then I got with another girl and got married on an island somewhere, and she got four and a quarter million dollars! And prizes! And we had no kids, nothing! So I've been very careful not to marry anyone since. They're making claims that I married another woman, but it's just a lie. They're shoving lawyer bills at me, thinking I'll break and give her all this money, but I'm not gonna do it. I've already spent the money, so I'm gonna ride it out.

Your thoughts on the institution of marriage?

Fucking sucks, dude. It's weird because I like being married, but I'm just no good at it, 'cause I don't really hold up well to a lot of scrutiny. If you don't scrutinize too much, maybe, but if you spend your time going through my phone and watching my feeds and stuff, you can interpret that any way you want. I really don't like coming home to an empty house too much, but I do it. I got kind of depressed after this last breakup, and I went to a shrink for a little while, but he said, "You need to learn how to cook and get a dog." So I said, "I'm in, dude!" That's when I went and bought Mustard, my dog. I haven't learned how to cook—I figured he was kidding about that part.

Did I read that you ran for President in 2016?

I was a Presidential candidate, yes. I had all the paperwork filled out.

Wait, for real? I thought it was a joke.

I thought the idea of a President Trump was the joke. I didn't think he was serious or that America was serious about him. Then I saw how serious they were about me. I thought, *You gotta be kidding!* People were like, "Where do we get the signs to put up in our yard? Where do we send our money?"

They wanted to send you money?

Oh, God, yes. Regular people who wanted a change. That's how much they wanted change; they'd take a blind shot on someone like me.

Okay, Ron, who do you think is the best comic out there?

That's tough, man. I don't even watch it that way. I admire and respect a lot of guys. I love [Bill] Burr, [Joe] Rogan, Foxworthy, but I think Dave Attell makes me laugh harder than anyone else does. The thing the good ones have in common is they are true to their nature doesn't matter what that nature is, just that they are true to it. Like Foxworthy, he doesn't cuss in real life, goes to church, takes his kids to school, and then that's his act. Didn't matter if you were [Sam] Kinison or [Richard] Pryor, the thing that matters is you're true to who you are. If you see someone who's really successful and you say "I'm gonna be more like that," that doesn't work in stand-up comedy. There just has to be that one thing that pulls people in, and to get where I am today, people have to love you in droves. There were times when we had the same manager, and that guy was always saying to me, "You need to clean up your work, be more like Foxworthy." But I said, "I've been doing this shit in saloons for years, and people loved it. They seem to be drinking and farting and smoking weed and having a good time, so I don't know why I'd need to act like someone else." Now that did take away some, yeah. I mean, I'm not a big corporate act like you can be if you're a real clean comic, but I don't care 'cause I don't like that anyways. People aren't gonna laugh at "baby duck pussy lips tacos" in front of their fucking boss.









HOT BLONDES RIDING BIG BLACK COCK

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: RILEY STAR, KENZIE TAYLOR, CHLOE FOSTER, KHLOE KAPRI, RICKY JOHNSON, ISIAH MAXWELL & JONJON.

In this age of the Russian troll-etariat spreading racial bullshit thick and wide

across America's social media, it's refreshing to come across an offering like Hot Blondes Riding Big Black Cock, which delivers exactly what it promises: comely towheads getting their twats stretched wider than America's current partisan divide. Khloe Kapri's wisp of dark pubes suggests she might not be a natural blonde, but no matter—her appreciation of dong is authentic as she works an ebony slab balls-deep into her maw. When the plus-size snake finally slithers into her conch, her stems are split wide, like a wishbone on Thanksgiving. Compact and lithe, with a dimpled smile that begs to be splattered with jism, Riley Star is catwalk-pretty. Here the beauty is tasked with fucking a cum cannon that's half the length of her torso. To her credit, Star manages to tuck it all away in her twat. Planting her feet on her lover's knees for leverage, she makes his sperm sword disappear with a magician's skill. Baby-faced and super petite, Chloe Foster looks like a puppet as she bounces on a jumbo jackhammer, and her eyes are literally watering from the workout by the time she's fed her lover's baby batter. Hot Blondes Riding Big Black Cock proves that we can all come together, despite the outside forces that try to tear us apart. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, or visit HustlerStore.com. —Pico D. Ribibi

HARDCORE SHOWCASE













FALLEN II: ANGELS & DEMONS

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STAR-RING: JESSICA DRAKE, LEIGH RAVEN, MISTY STONE, LUNA STAR, CASEY CALVERT, AUGUST TAYLOR, JENEVIEVE HEXXX, BRAD ARMSTRONG, TOMMY PISTOL, ISIAH MAXWELL, CODEY STEELE, DERRICK PIERCE, ERIC MASTERSON, JOHN STRONG, RYAN DRILLER & SETH GAMBLE.



With a running time that crosses the three-hour mark, Fallen II: Angels & Demons is epic in both length and vision. If it were a lesser effort, this tale about the struggle between good and evil would present the viewer with his own dilemma—is one's hand better used on one one's cock or impatiently thumbing the fast-forward button on the remote? Fortunately, Fallen II: Angels & Demons finds the sweet spot on the plot-to-twat ratio. Kudos to Brad Armstrong, who loads this offering with dark but rich production values that easily rival Netflix's Marvel titles, dream-within-a-dream story complexity and plenty of hot sex to stimulate the lap while the mind processes the overall message. Credit is also due a cast for performances that leave viewers alternately stroking their chins and crotches. Picking up a decade after the original Fallen, this sequel finds Jessica Drake reprising her role as Angel, a fallen celestial being who's cast down to Earth to serve a reverse-purgatory of sorts. Drake is preternaturally supple and alluring. It's a pleasure to see her get DPed while sucking on a third skin-sicle for good measure. Likewise, Leigh Raven—who plays Max, a rescued hooker carrying the next messiah in her womb—is a lovely, wide-eyed beauty, despite being cueball-coiffed and inked to the gills. On the acting front, Tommy Pistol steals the show as an agent of evil bent on bringing Max to the dark side. A study of the battle between dark and light, Fallen II thankfully leaves viewers grappling with their pricks too. —P.D.R.

HARDCORE SHOWCASE













HARDCORE SHOWCASE

ANAL NYMPHOS ANAL LEGENDS 4

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: ABELLA DANGER, ADRIA RAE, DAKOTA SKYE, KISSA SINS & MANUEL FERRARA.

The world is full of assholes. But it takes a special asshole to be an anal nympho or,

dare to dream, an anal legend. Anal Nymphos Anal Legends 4 aspires to uncover the cream of the crap-hatch crop—and then proceeds to fuck the shit out of them. In the end, this serves as yet another opportunity for Manuel Ferrara—who's already explored enough colons to make a veteran proctologist blush to drill for dirty oil betwixt a few more keisters. He definitely unearths some gold in his latest bout of shithole spelunking. Comely brunette Kissa Sins throws off a mentally challenged vibe in the opening scene, but her bubble butt provides the balance that her brain might perhaps lack. Ferrara practically sucks Sins' face off kissing her before hammering her shitpit so hard, it's a miracle that the scene doesn't end with her large intestine dangling behind her knees. Elsewhere, fresh-faced, auburn-haired Adria Rae's brow furrows like a Klingon's as she's rectally bombarded by Ferrara's relentless lap lance. Petite blond stunner Dakota Skye is a little bit of cornhole heaven—God bless her for her gift of anal generosity. And Abella Danger exudes a pleasing combination of eagerness and desperation as her dung ditch is dilated to drain pipe proportions by Ferrara's cock. For the most part, A.N.A.L. 4 sinks one for the win. —P.D.R.





























EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



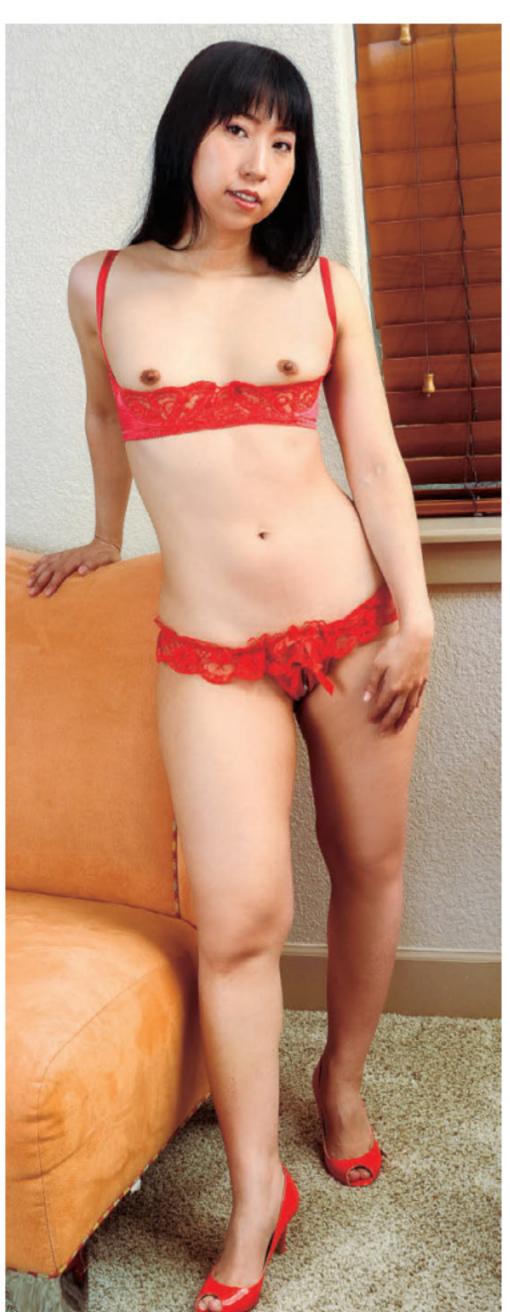
MOONBEAM

"I work at an art studio, and I love expressing myself in all ways possible," says Moonbeam, 25, from Appleton, Wisconsin. "I'm very creative, self-confident and uninhibited. I model on the side, and I'll never turn down an opportunity to show off a lot of skin. Thank you, HUSTLER. I really get off on people seeing me butt naked." The 4-foot-11 muff buff also discloses, "I'm into old-school bands—Megadeth, Fleetwood Mac, Pink Floyd—and I binge-watch *Dexter*, *That '70s Show* and *The Office*." Moonbeam adds, "My hobbies include painting, cooking, making gifts for my loved ones and being intimate. In the bedroom I'm compassionate, submissive, feisty when I want to be and very bi. I love the taste of both men and women, and rough sex is my thing. Nothing beats being dominated and thrown around."

—Photos by Kickback Productions











KITEH KAWASAKI

Kiteh Kawasaki was once a Silicon Valley tech coder, but she left software and binary numbers behind to pursue a far more engaging livelihood. Kiteh, who'll be turning 27 on the Fourth of July, is a legal courtesan at northern Nevada's Moonlite BunnyRanch. Here's some conversational foreplay: "I was born in San Francisco, California, and grew up in Kawasaki, Japan," the 5-foot-3 geisha role-play enthusiast relates. "I was a miko [ceremonial maiden] at the Kanayama Shrine. That's where I began worshiping erect dicks—seriously! I'm adventurous and outgoing, and I really enjoy dating hot, interesting guys. My favorite sex position is cowgirl. I did a lot of horseback riding in Japan, so it comes naturally." Kiteh continues, "My hobbies are videography, cooking and hiking. I also volunteer to care for U.S. Navy atomic veterans [military personnel exposed to ionizing radiation]. Of course I'm into music. I dig the all-girl Japanese rock group Band-Maid, but hands down Frank Sinatra is my all-time favorite singer. Japanese believe in reincarnation, and Frank always zings my strings." —Photos by Friend









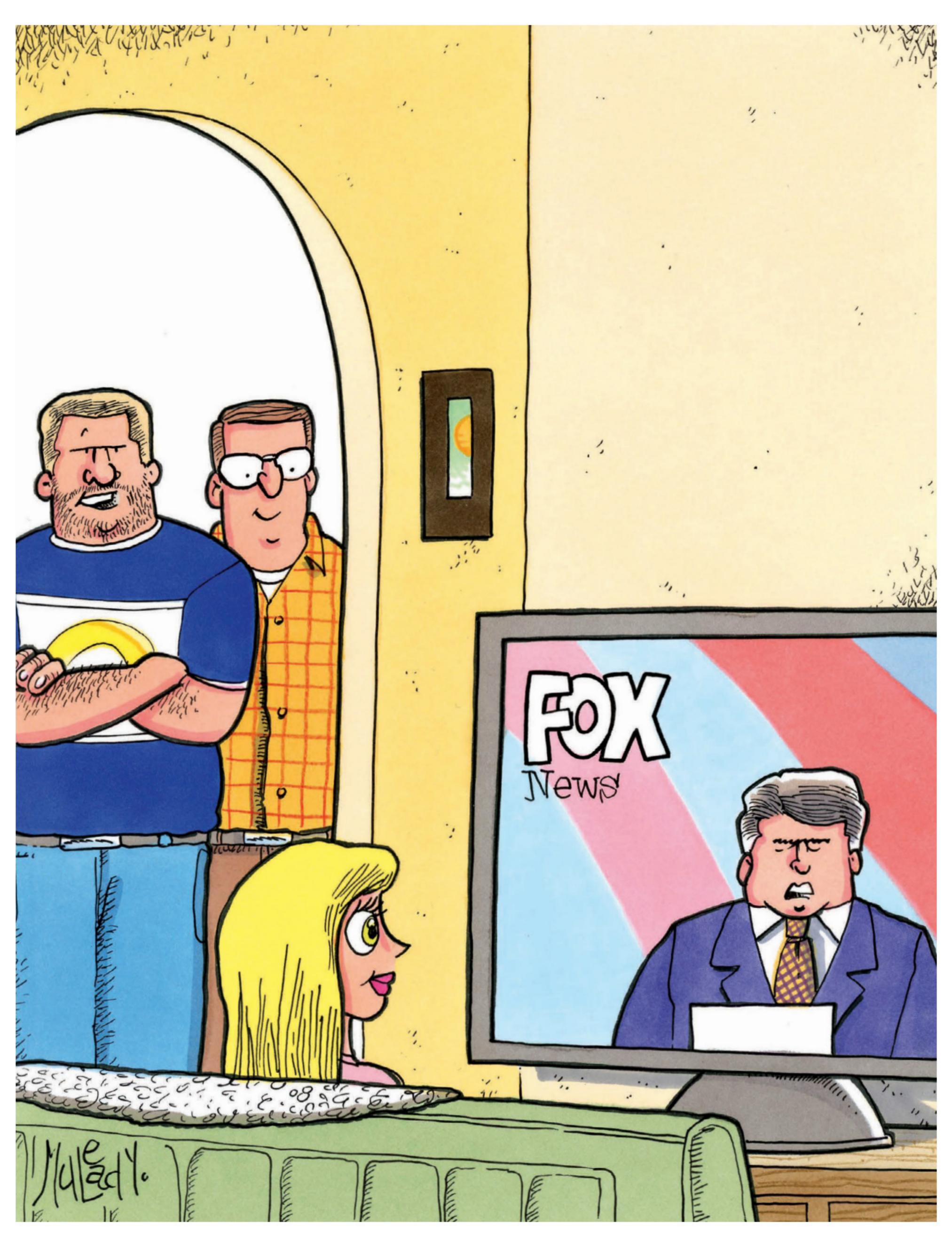
ARIELLE AQUINAS

"Posing nude in the iconic HUSTLER Magazine is my thank-you to Larry Flynt for my sexual awakening," declares Arielle Aquinas, 30, an adult entertainer from Cincinnati, Ohio. "I remember Larry fighting tooth and nail to open a sex store in my hometown. I don't know what I'd do without a Hitachi Magic Wand. It makes me squirt so hard." Arielle's sexuality is off the charts. "I'm a polyamorous pansexual, and I'm very kinky," the 5-foot-4 Buckeye Stater explains. "I have an insatiable appetite for pleasure—giving and receiving—I never wear panties in public, and my big fetish is being a man's trophy girlfriend, his perfect fantasy." Arielle is perfect: "I'm eccentric, sensual, kind and fun! I'm the type of girl who'll come over to your house with lingerie and toys, blow your mind in bed, let you come in my ass, then make you a sandwich and fold your laundry." As for hobbies, Arielle tells us, "I read a lot of smutty paranormal romance novels, I love doing wine and food tastings, and I go to a lot of festivals and conventions—usually the nerdy kind, sometimes the kinky kind! And I love older music, especially Bobby Darin and David Bowie, horror comedies and '90s TV shows. They give me a nostalgia boner." —Photos by Wade Eno



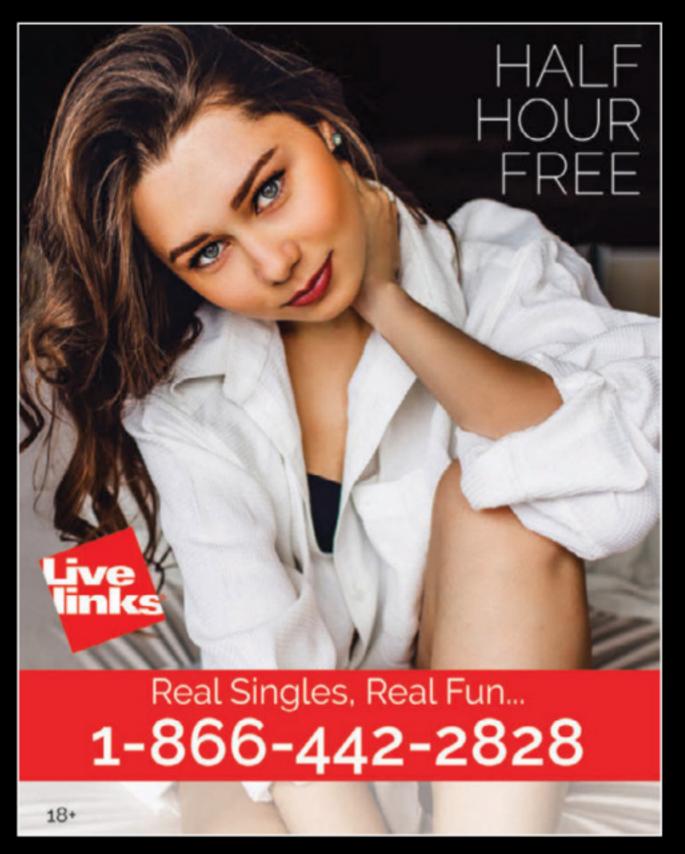


ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous Beaver Hunt showcase wants you! Every gal whose pics are printed as a monthly selection gets \$250 and a chance at posing for a nude pictorial worth up to \$2,500. For info on how to be a Beaver Hunt model, go to HustlerMagazine.com/#!submit-photos or send an email to BeaverHunt@LFP.com.



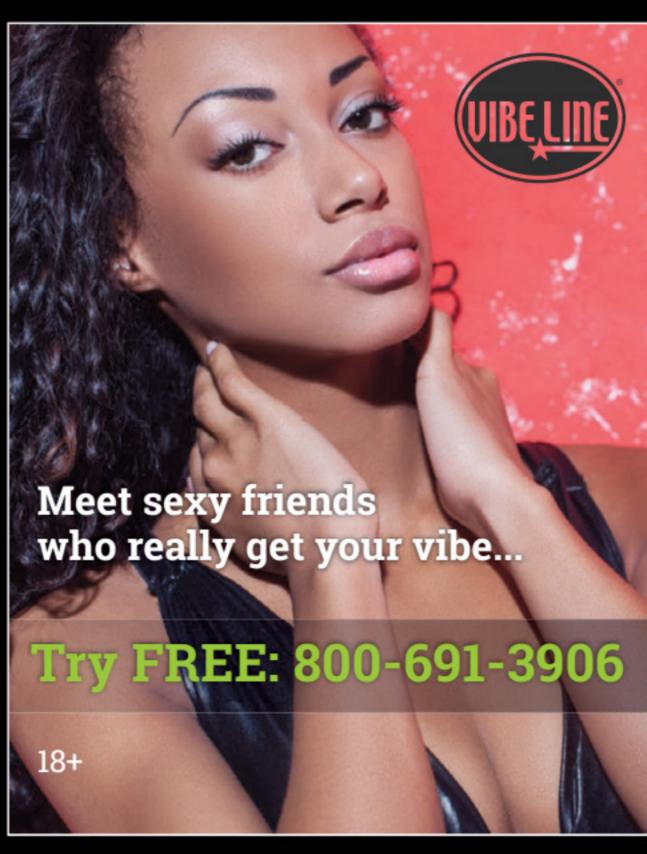
"Doris was pretty dumb when I met her. That's why I have her watch Fox News—to keep her dumb, just the way I like her."

HUSTLER'S SHOPPING GUIDE

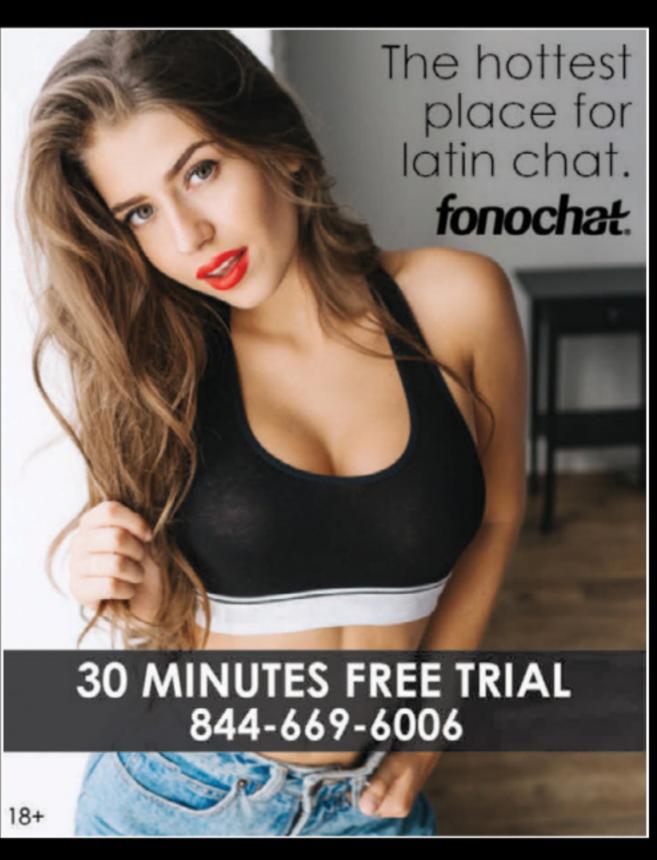


















































































HUSTLER \$29.95 EACH OR SPECIAL DVD SALE 5 DVDS FOR \$99

FEATURED DVDS









HV3122

HV3124

HV3120

HV3116

See NATASHA MALKOVA on p.18-27!

HV1583







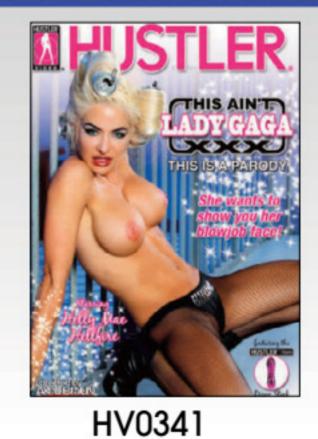




HV0268

See ADRIANNA LUNA on p. 36-41!

HUSTLER PARODIES







SPECIALS - \$14.95 EACH (\$15.00 OFF)





HV1630

HV3039

NEW DVD HOTLINE! 1-800-763-8271 (x 7651)

Name Address City State Zip (no international orders accepted) E-mail Phone Number Signature Required (I am 18 years of age or older.) Payment Enclosed (Make check or money order payable to: LFP PUBLISHING GROUP) ☐ Vis

	A-75 No. 955 No.	1140120	
☐ Visa/MC/Amex/Discover ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐			
CREDIT CARD NUMBER	(P/DATE	\$99 95	EACH OF
Please send coupon and payment to: LFP PUBLISHING- ATTN: BACK ISSUES DEPT	19	5 VIDEO	
8484 WILSHIRE BLVD., SUITE 900, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90211	H27	O MDEC	

VIDEO#	QTY	PRICE/EA	VIDEO#	QТY	PRICE/EA
HV3122		\$29.95	HV3106		\$29.95
HV3124		\$29.95	HV3114		\$29.95
HV3120		\$29.95	HV0341		\$29.95
HV3116		\$29.95	HV3000		\$29.95
HV1583		\$29.95	HV0369		\$29.95
HV0268		\$29.95	HV1630		\$14.95
HV3113		\$29.95	HV3039		\$14.95
HV3123		\$29.95			

SUBTOTAL: \$7.00 SHIPPING: **TOTAL ENCLOSED: \$**



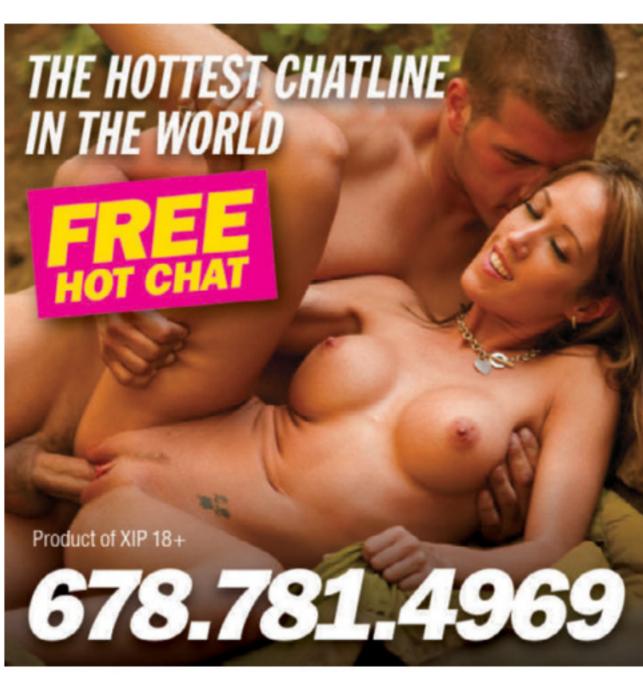
































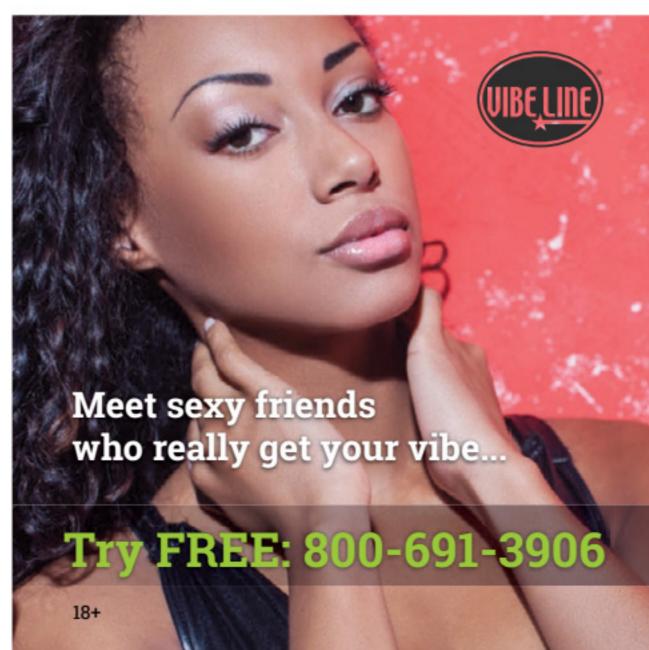




































































Receive hot letters and personal photos of forbidden sex acts from swinging families seeking others interested in the most unusual sex by mail. PLUS receive up to date personal swappers directory with phone numbers. Please enclose \$5 for Postage & Handling

Check here for 12 privately made taboo videos add \$10

CONTACTS BY MAIL - Dept. HU79 Box 536, Woodland Hills, CA 91365



☐\$3 Come Class □\$3 Peter's Snatch □\$3 Rubbing Dickie □\$3 The Paperboy □ all 4 videos for \$10 ☐ MAGAZINES 4 for \$5

Midway Video - Dept. HU79 Box 3364, Westlake Village, CA 91359



UNDERGROUND DEALERS

Sources that can NOT openly advertise will immediately rush their catalogs of hard-to-find THIS PHOTO CENSORED taboo hardcore to you. □ 25 FREE Catalogs enclose \$3 S&H **ARE EXPLICIT** Sample Videos add \$7
Check One Box: UHS DVD
Sample Magazines add \$3

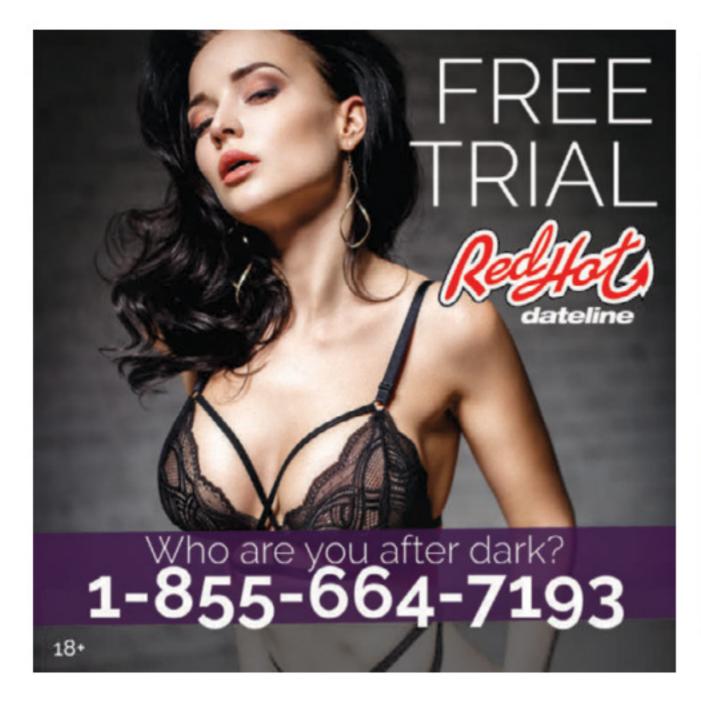
NEW SELECTIONS Dept. HU79 Box 8665, Calabasas, CA 91372















ifelike In Every Detail

Soft warm pussy and tight back door give you the most realistic sensations for the best fuck you've ever had. New customer offer with catalog \$3 shipping to

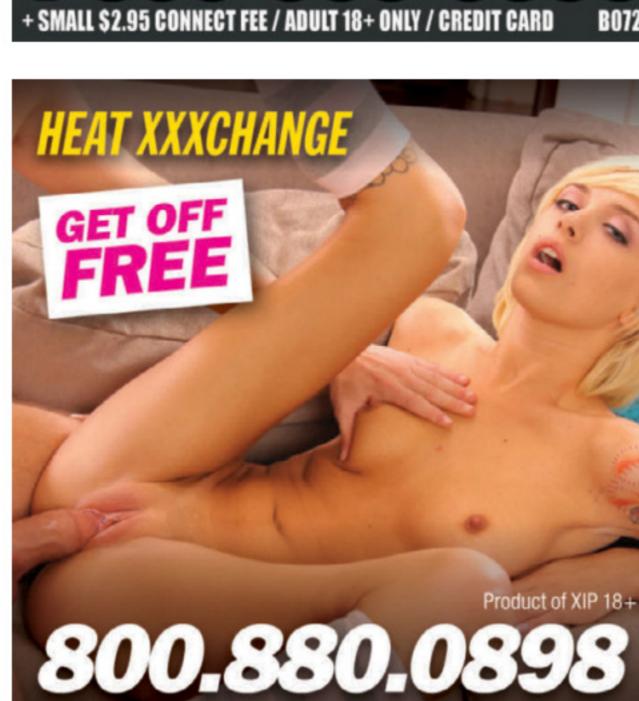














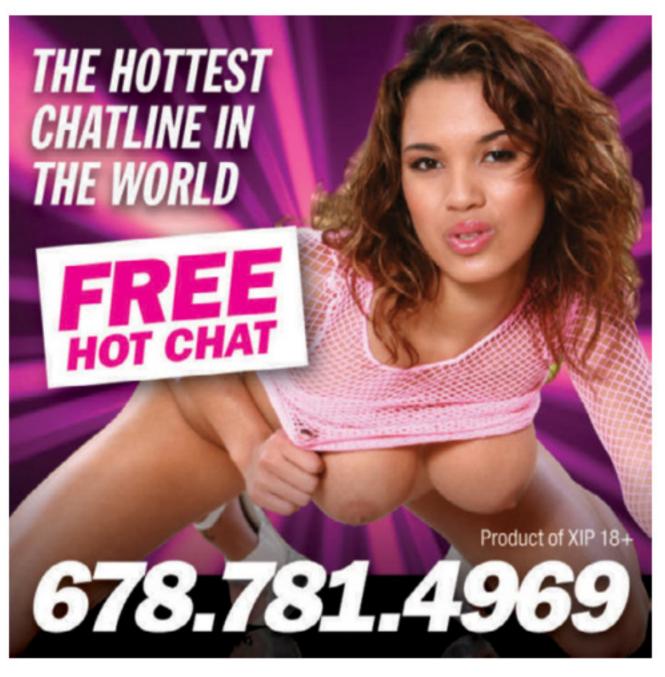




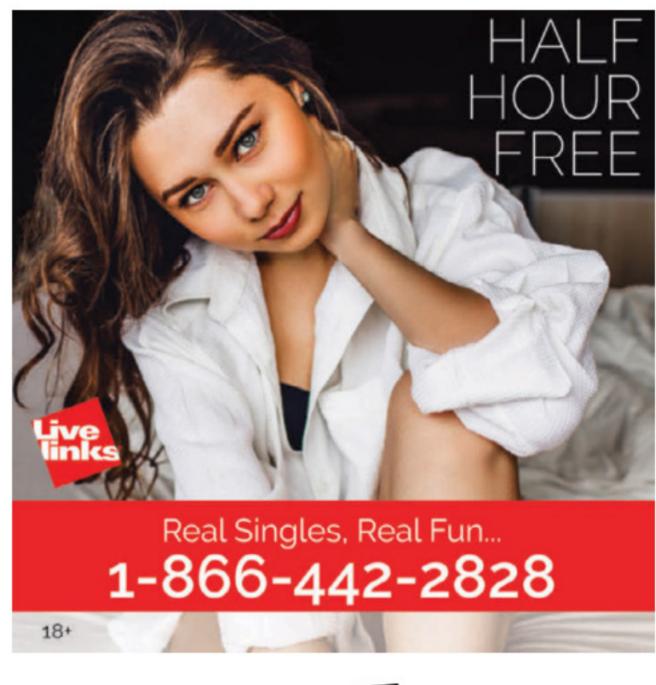
















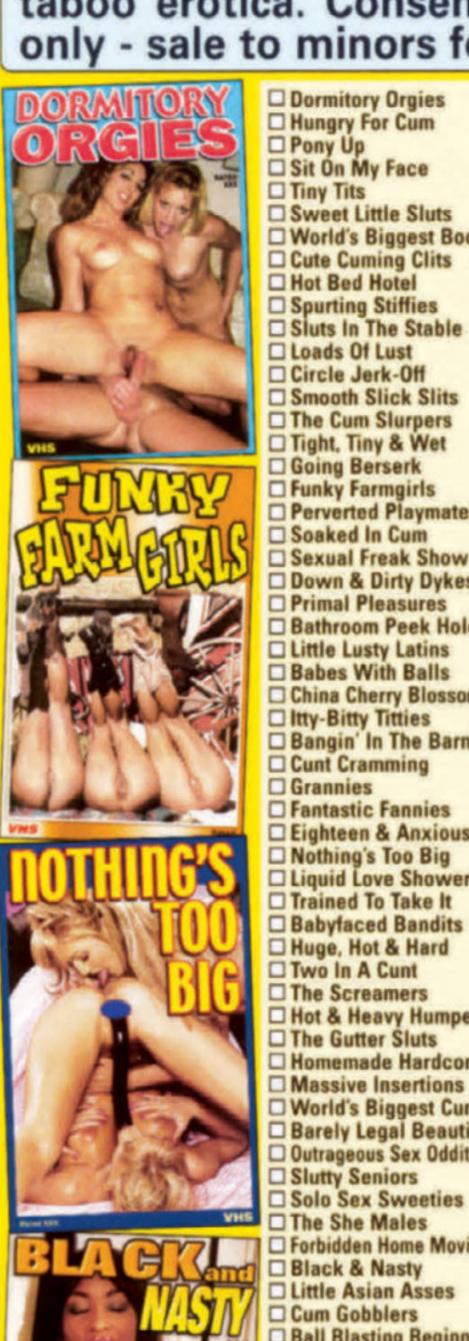






OUTRAGEOUS PERVERTED HARDCORE TRADE US YOUR NAME + ADDRESS

This material deals with controversial sex acts intended for advanced collectors of extreme taboo erotica. Consenting adults only - sale to minors forbidden.





☐ Mama Mania

Rearended

Pony-Tails

☐ Taboo Tales

■ Pouting Pussies

☐ Scream & Cream

■ Unusual Sex Toys

☐ Tight Tiny Tushies

☐ All Girl Orgasms

☐ Hot Hairy Holes

☐ The Water Works

☐ Animal Instinct

☐ Legal & Tender

■ Nasty Neighbors

☐ Fat Fucking Mamas

■ Extremes & Screams

☐ The School Tramp

☐ Tarts On The Toilet

■ Mother Knows Best

☐ China Cherry Blossoms

☐ Shocking Sex Scenes

□ Prime & Tender

Let's Make Mary

☐ Thunder Thighs

■ Virgin Violations

A Little Behind ☐ Too Much Cock

☐ Little Guzzlers

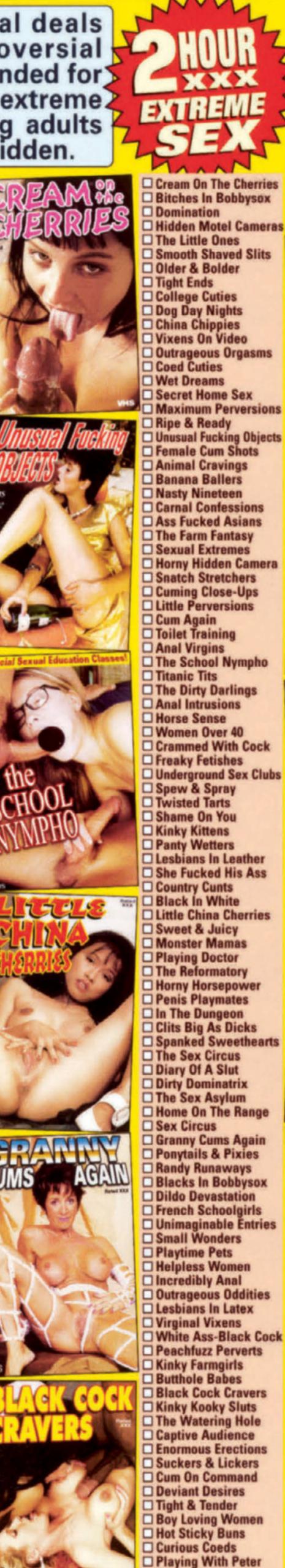
☐ Horny Virgins ☐ Beyond Bizarre

Get My Goat

☐ Tales From The Toilet

Pop My Pussy





☐ Dainty Delights

☐ Shower Power

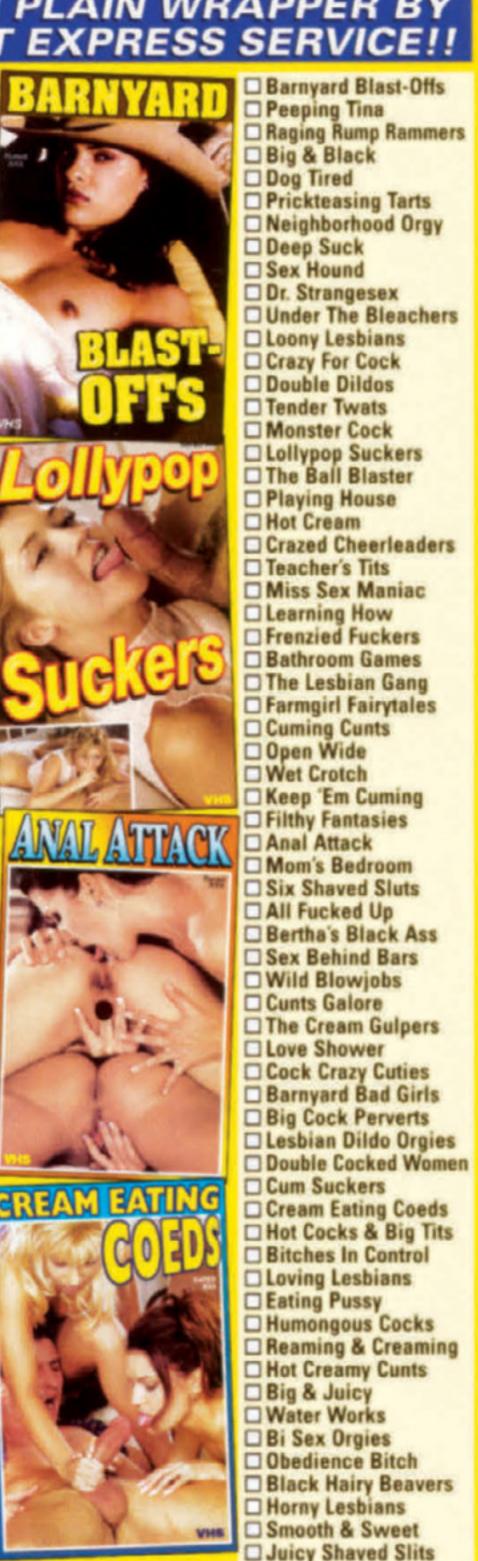
☐ Prisoners Of Pleasure



SHIPPED IN PLAIN WRAPPER BY **OVERNIGHT EXPRESS SERVICE!!**







ORDER FORM Check desired items above and return entire ad to order. IMAGING INDUSTRIES DEPT. HU79 Box 4297, West Hills, CA 91308

□ Dad Knows Best

■ Nuthouse Nurses

☐ The Afterschool Club

☐ Filled To Overflowing

☐ The Stranger Came

direct into oct till of the box 1237 host tills of the	
NOTE: Postage & Shipping Rates Refunded On First Order.	
☐100 VIDEOS \$9 ☐200 VIDEOS \$15 ☐300 VIDEOS \$21	
Do you want your videos sent on TAPE DVD (check one)
or Overnight Service Add \$4 . Immediate Check Clearance Add \$1	

For Overnight Service Add \$4 • Immed	liate Check Clear	rance Add \$1	
U.S. Funds Only ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.	Total Enclosed \$		
NAME			
ADDRESS			
CITY	STATE	ZIP	



LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER® CLUB

THE ULTIMATE HAPPY ENDING**

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES

FULL BAR

PRIVATE COUCH DANCES

THEME ROOMS

CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES

VIP LOUNGE

NEW YORK, NY BALTIMORE, MD DETROIT, MI CLEVELAND, OH ST. LOUIS, MO

LAS VEGAS, NV SAN FRANCISCO, CA NEW ORLEANS, LA SHREVEPORT, LA

CROYDEN, UK

HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

HUSTLER CLUB

Plan your Party Online! HUSTLERCLUBVIP.COM























THE AUGUST ISSUE GOES ON SALE JUNE 4, 2019 | VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



SAM RICHARDSON

Funnyman Sam Richardson has been on every comedy from *Arrested Development* and The Office to Detroiters and *Veep*. He recently invited **HUSTLER** into his Hollywood home to share with our readers how he transformed himself from literal African prince into American comedy royalty. Interview by T.S. Farley.



Fucking gorgeous women all day and getting paid for it? Hell, yes! Unfortunately, it's not quite that easy. HUSTLER visits four prime players in the adult industry to discover exactly what it takes to be a male porn star today. Article by Lotus Lain.



ALL-NATURAL BUSTY MAIDS

Luscious, voluptuous, madeto-order maids Autumn Falls, Kandie Monaee, Ella Knox and Kendra Spade are nothing short of spectacular in this delightfully dirty feature. Tongue-swabbing fat cocks trumps cleaning house any day. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.





